

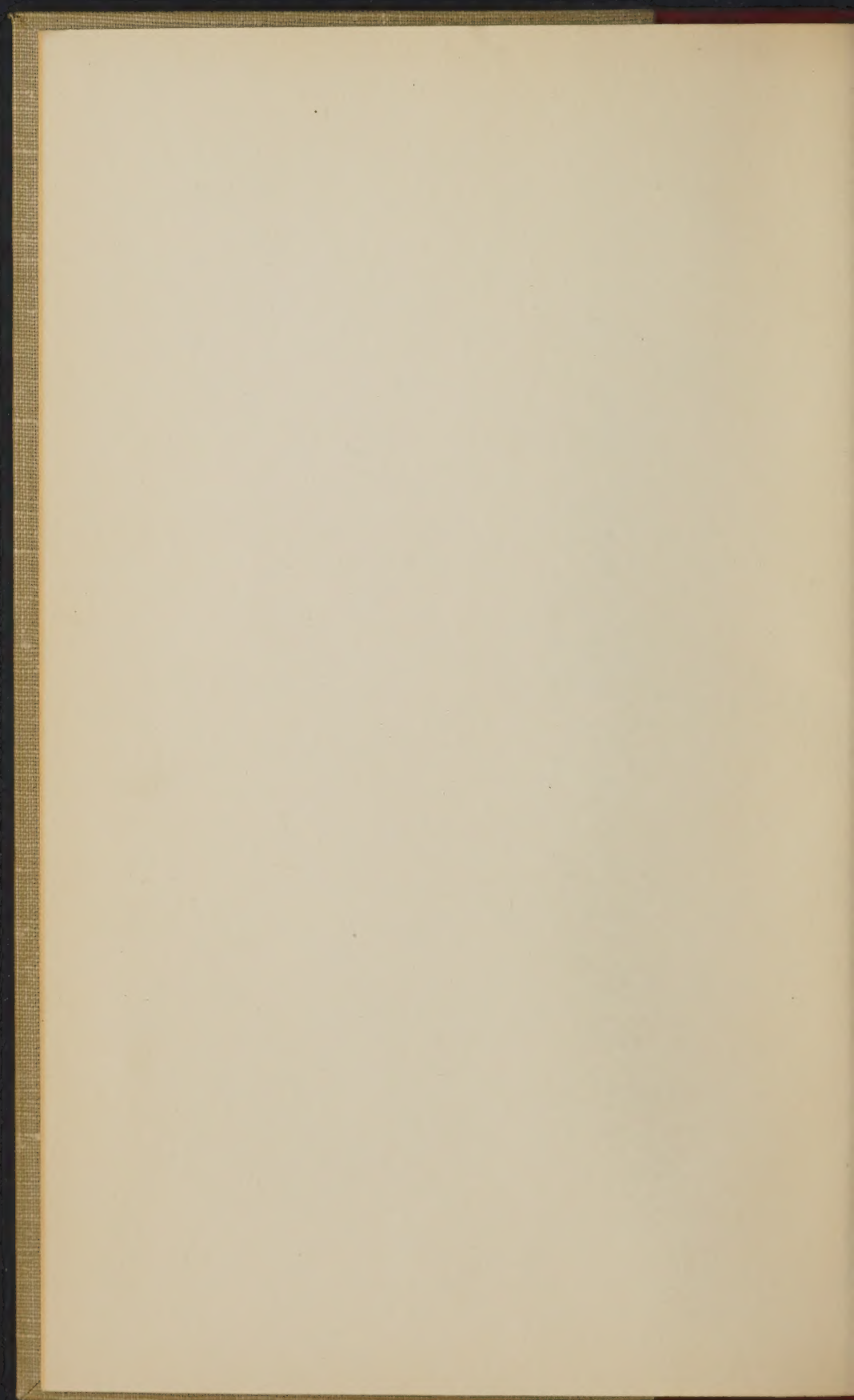
[[[BONN]]] - HUGHIE MORRISON - BALTIMORE, 1846







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[Bonn, Alexander Kew.]

AN
ORIGINAL,
LAUGHABLE AND COMICAL TALE
OF
HUGHIE MORRISON,
THE
SCOTTISH EMIGRANT:

NARRATING
HIS VOYAGE FROM GLASGOW TO BALTIMORE—HIS LANDING—
RECEPTION AT HIS UNCLE'S—GREENHORN ADVENTURES—
OPINION OF AMERICAN MANNERS—NEGROES—THUN-
DER GUSTS—AND SPEEDY RETURN HOME TO
SCOTLAND AGAIN.

BY BRAMBLE BRAE.

An Indian on the streets of Paisley, or a Newzealander at the Cross of Glasgow, could not have attracted more spectators, than did HUGHIE MORRISON and his sable Guide, on the streets of Baltimore.—Page 14.

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By ALEXANDER KERR BONN,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of
Maryland.

HUGHIE MORRISON,

THE SCOTTISH EMIGRANT.

CHAPTER I.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, nor destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile
The short, but simple annals of the poor."—GRAY.

In Scotland, during 1825, the stagnation and depression of trade preyed hard upon the working classes; many of whom who had, in more prosperous times, saved a little for such a crisis, resolved on emigrating from their rock-bound shores and their mountains of heather, and seeking a home more advantageous to their domestic comforts in America. Numerous emigration societies were formed: their appeals to the benevolent and charitable met with great success, and hundreds of sober, industrious, and well educated people, gained their desired object.—Amongst others, Hughie Morrison, the humble hero of our tale, determined to try his fortune in the "New World."

Having an uncle in the City of Baltimore, Maryland, who left Cambslang in 1817, during that ever memorable period, the "Radical Time;" being one of the popular Leaders at a meeting held at Bonny-moor, warrants were issued for his apprehension, and dreading he might share the same fate as Hardy and Baird, at the hands of the Castlereagh Ministry, he fled to Ireland, and from Londonderry took shipping for Baltimore, in which city he continued twelve years, and after perseverance and exertion, established himself in one of the most lucrative business' at the time. To this uncle Hughie looked for assistance, and being named after him, he got a *Dominie near Carmunnock, of which village he resided, to write his uncle in Baltimore, and make known to him the wishes of his nephew. Hughie was one of those canny Scotchmen, remarkable in the development of locality, and the same principle seems to have predominated in his ancestors, insomuch that the cottage of Broomhill (where lived our hero) was in the hands of the third generation of the Morrisons. His father was employed by the neighbouring farmers, as a labourer and farm servant, and was respected by all the country round. If a horse or cow took sick, Saunders Morrison, of Broomhill, was the first man to be sent for; he was, moreover, a humble, pious man, and moreover an Elder in the Kirk, where, summer and winter, rain or shine, on Sabbath you found Saunders by the "Kirk plate," receiving the bawbees for the poor. Mrs. Morrison was like her old man, industrious, managing, and thrifty, and you might see her on a summer evening, sitting on the mukle stane at Broomhill door, knitting her stocking, or mending her old man's inexpressibles.

"The Mother wi' her needle and her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weels the new."—BURNS.

Her whole heart's affections were bound up in her only child; and sair sair was the heart of Mrs. Morrison, when Hughie revealed to her his

* Schoolmaster.

intention of going to America. The old man felt rather sad, on the first mention of his son's contemplated project, but after some consideration, became more reconciled to it. Week after week passed away, while Hughie waited with the greatest of anxiety, to learn the result of his application; and the reader may conjecture his feelings, when at the expiry of three months, the post boy drew up his horse one morning at Broomhill gate, and taking a letter from his bag, cried out, "letter for Hugh Morrison; two shillings and a penny postage." They had just arose from their knees, being done with family worship; Hughie sprang to his feet, and in his haste fell over old Toby, the Miller's dog, who looked rather astonished as he stood with his tail out of sight, and his ears flat on his cheeks, as if to say, man, Hughie, ye're in a hurry. He soon reached the door, pulled the auld wooden bar, and grasped the letter. It was a big, long, thick letter, and moreover it had a large red seal. Old Mr. Morrison cried for his spectacles: his mother shouted dina tear it, callan. Hughie trembled to open it; a thousand ideas flashed before his mind; conjectures, hopes, doubts, all wrought him up to the greatest pitch of excitement; and while he broke the seal, and opened one fold after another, he trembled from head to foot, and never did a felon open his death warrant with more intense feeling, than did Hughie, as he unfolded his uncle's letter. "By George," he exclaimed, "he has sent it, and no mistake; his letter proved successful." The old Scotchman in Baltimore felt proud of his nephew's ambition, and with that liberal philanthropic spirit for which Scotchmen are celebrated, he at once acquiesced in the wishes of his namesake, and forwarded a cheque on B. S. & Co., authorising them to pay the bearer, on demand, twenty pounds sterling. The "big ha' Bible" and Dauvits Psalms were still on the table, and the old Elder proposed to read *anither* chapter, and thank the Giver of all bounties for this winfaw, and to seek his blessing and direction, and to cast the care of their ain callan on him who hath promised "Not to see the righteous forsaken, nor their seed begging their bread." Mr. Morrison had ordered his nephew to proceed immediately in fitting out, and prescribed what provisions were necessary for the voyage, and that day, before the sun had sunk over the top of Benlomond, the whole village rang with the news of Hughie Morrison's gaun aff ta' America. Some believed it, others thought it all a hoax; but there was one who thought more of it, and seemed more sorrowful and grieved than any, except his auld mither; and that one was Leezy Campbell, the Miller's daughter. Hughie and Leezy were of the same age, their birth and christening days were of the same date, and from their earliest recollections there existed a love and attachment to each other.

"They twa had ran about the braes,
And pu't the gouans fine,
And wandered money a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne."—BURNS.

They had in childhood gathered the blaberry on Cathkin's hills, and chased the wild bee from thistle to thistle: they sat on the same bench in the village school, and went to church taking each others hands, and ties, tender ties of purest love knit their affections, and wove around their hearts a chord not easily broken—and on the summer's eve in maturer years, when the labours of the day were past, you would find Hughie and Leezy sitting beneath the fragrant honey-suckle bower of Broomhill, unfolding their affections, and speaking of their future plans to complete their happiness. The Dominie who wrote the letter of solicitation, was employed to draw the money, which was duly paid on presentation of the draught; and making enquiry at the shipping list, he found that in five days the "Jeanie Dougall," of Glasgow, would sail for Baltimore, being Monday, twenty-fifth July; whereupon he took out Hughie's pass-

age, and selected No. 14 berth, being near the centre of the vessel, and well aired. Preparations were now busily entered into; his old chest (his grandfather's legacy) was painted anew, patent hinges, and a double lock got fixed upon it. Old Copenhagun (a fowling piece with which he used to shoot the crows and sparrows on the farmers' fields,) was polished, and a piece cut off the barrel to admit it into his chest; the old powder horn and lead bag filled with No. 3 Snipe shot, cooking utensils, a little stationery, and a whole load of biscuits, bannocks, boiled ham, &c. &c. One gave him a handkerchief, another a pair of gloves, and another a cravat; but Leezy Campbell gave him a breast pin with a caromgoran stone set in it, and engraved on the back "Forget Me Not: L. C."

Saturday came round, and by this time he had visited his uncle in Ruglen, his aunt Matty in Kilbride, and other relatives in Barhead. On the Sabbath, dressed in a new suit of blue clothes, he went to the Kirk for the last time, and while he entered the pew there was many an eye fixed upon him. The preceptor read the usual request on such an occasion, "Remember in prayer, a young man going abroad," and while he read it, the tears trickled down Hughie's cheeks, as he buried his face in his handkerchief. The minister's text happened to be the song of the captives in Psalm 137, ver. 1, "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea we wept when we remembered Zion;" impressions of which were never eradicated from his memory, which the reader will find as he proceeds. That evening was spent in Broomhill, in a sociable and religious manner. The Miller's family, the Dominie, and other relations, after enjoying a cup of good tea, and a dram in the last dish, began to discuss the ups and downs in life, and the everchanging events in "man's brief pilgrimage," and sympathised with the auld folks, who were soon to be left alane. By ten o'clock Hughie lay down to rest, the last night, as he said, in Broomhill; but sleep forsook his eyes, and the tick, tick o' tha' auld timmer clock, brought a melancholy sensation over his mind.

CHAPTER II.

"Farewell the glen sae bushy O,
Farewell the plain sae rushy O;
To other lands I now must go
To sing my highland lassie O."—BURNS.

The morning came, and an unco morning it was at Broomhill. The Dominie, Thomas Paterson, the Miller, his wife and Leezy, were all there by break of day, and agreed to see Hughie on board the ship; after partaking of a hasty breakfast, the auld man ordered them to sit round the ingle side, and taking the old calf-skin covered book,

"He wales a portion with judicious care;
And let us worship God, he says, with solemn air."

They sang the second paraphrase, and commended them all, and particularly their son, into the care of him who "holdeth the sea in the hollow of his hand." Rising from their knees, Hughie pulled out his chest from under the window, when his mother gently raised the lid, and pointing to the farther end of it, said; "There, Hughie, is the Bible I gat when I left my father's roof; ye're gaun this day far, far frae me; ye're leevin' ane that led ye, and fed ye whan wee and helpless. Sair, sair is the heart o' yer auld mither this morning; these withered hauns will soon be lying amang the clods o' the valli, and gif ever ye should staun o'er my grassy hillock and dry a tear o' affection while ye think on me that lies doon in the cauld kirk-hole, oh' tak this aye advice while she's leevan, read that buik every day the sun rises, mind tae seek a blessan wa't, and may we baith meet on the right haun in the great day: farwell, farwell, Hughie." This was too much for Hughie's feelings to

bear, and while he dropped the cord with which he purposed to bind his chest, tears gushed from his eyes, and grasping his mother in his arms, he could only utter, "dinna greet," "dinna greet." The Dominie and Thos. Paterson roped the chest, and carried it to the door, where stood the Miller's cart awaiting it. Mrs. Campbell being seated along side the chest, the Miller led the horse on to the turnpike, and getting up on the front of the cart, drove ahead. The Dominie and Thos. Paterson walked along side the cart, chatting on the way, while Hughie and Leezy followed a little behind; few words passed between them: his fortitude was wound up, and could only answer the deep fetched sighs of Leezy, by those of his own. An hour and a half brought them to the Broomielaw. Coming along the ship lying opposite shade 23, the chest was taken on board, and they all went down to see birth 14, on the front of which the Dominie had chalked, "Hugh Morrison, passenger." All was confusion and a mingled scene of joy and grief,—parents were weeping on parting with children, wives with their husbands, sisters with brothers, &c., while a goodly number were "three sheets before the wind" and greet'n fou. After surveying the deck, the general accommodation, &c., Hughie proposed going up to a public house and having the "Parting Gill." The Dominie, stretching his neck like a Rooster, and turning up the heel of his Duke of Wellington's, answered: Certainly, I fully agree to, and acquiesce in said proposition, adding, in a low tone, "*instantanter*."

"Wi'll be muckle the better o' a drap o' guide glenleevit," said the Miller; "my throat's as dry as a whistle."

They went across the street, and finding a respectable looking tavern with the words painted over the door, above which hung a little ship, "The Sailor's Home," they went in; it wanted three hours of high water, and the ship was to be towed down the Clyde by the Samson Steam Tug. Seated in the tavern, the man of letters touched the bell rope, when a tall Highland girl answered the call.

"Weel, shentlemen, what is she ta pring ye's."

"Hauf a peck, and sugar, and twa bottles o' swipes, and mind the dug," answered Hughie."

No sooner said than done: the Dominie, lifting the half-mutchkin stoup, smelled the whiskey, tried its beads, and filling up a glass, helped Mrs. Campbell, who, with a little prigging, took it aff. The glass was then charged by her husband, and handed to the Dominie, who stretched his elastic jaws, like a turtle swallowing a beetle—

"Take a little sugar," said Mrs. Campbell.

"No, thank you, I like it best bare-naked," answered the Dominie, and turning up his little finger sent it where the Gauger could na get it, and putting the glass on the table, said, "Hughie, you will mind the Dominie."

"And no mistake," answered our hero, "while my name is Hughie Morrison."

The stoup being emptied, the man in black proposed to double the size of the dish, and not keep the lassie running so often; when he rang the bell, and in came the waiter.

"*Here she bee's aye ready*."

"Bring in a mutchkin," answered the Miller.

"Oh she'll fetch twa gin your onour spokes it, the pest cot o' No. 1 parrel, I suspose."

"O mak it jist the same o' yer last; and na mair figmawls about it; ye ken whan ta' change the drink."

The whiskey tasted unco guide, and Hughie soon felt its magic influence, and putting his arm round Leezy's neck, whispered—

"Keep up yer spunk; time will wear awa', my lassie; and there's my haun and here's my heart; I'll neer prove faus ta you, Leezy, while my name is Hughie Morrison."

"Yes," ejaculated the Dominie, "we'll have another toothful of the inspiring, elevating, knowledge creating, nature stimulating balm, and drink to the health of the young laird of Broomhill: it is not every day he goes to America. Fill up the beer, Mr. Paterson, and I'll give you two screeds o' a sang ance I greese my whistle."

"The Dominie's sang," cried the Miller's wife, when he struck up his favourite—

"There was a lass, they caud her Meg,
And she came o'er the moor ta spin;
There was a lad that courted her,
And they caud him Duncan Davidson."

"Stop, Dominie, for guidesake, stop," cried Hughie; "there's a polise-man luck'n threw the window"—the roof and rafters ring, like the "Boar's Head" on a Ruglen fair night—"and I'm mistaen if they dinna ha'e ye on the black stool neist Sabbath day, for getting yersel blin fu', sae tak care Dominie."

"Its all right—all right," answered the Dominie; "and go where you will, Hughie, your talents will elevate you, and I believe you are destined to arise and shine, as a bright luminary in your generation, and will become a star of the first magnitude in the literary circles of Baltimore."

"Yes, Dominie, its you ken's that; before I was the height o' a kail stock, I could say frae the chief end o' man ta' the creed, the hunder and nineteenth psalm, and I could rattle threw John Gilpin like a man delvin."

Another half hour passed over, during which Hughie had been comforting Leezy. On turning round, he perceived the Dominie had fallen asleep on his chair, with his arms folded, and his nose stuck in the breast of his shirt, like a chicken roosting.

"Cheer up, Dominie, cheer up," cried the emigrant; but his old preceptor was under the control of Morpheus, and too far cut. "There he is," said Hughie, "as fu' as a piper; he disna ken a B-frae a Bull's foot."

Here the waiter entered, bawling out, "Shentlemen, the Samson pell pe ringan, and gif you'll no rin as fast as you could, she'el pe awa wa' the ship; noo haste you's."

"What's to pay," demanded Hughie.

"O jist three shillan and twa pence," answered the Highlander; upon which he paid it down.

They then started for the ship, leaving the Dominie on the chair asleep, a fit subject for the Miller's cart. Crossing the street to the quay, where lay the ship, a rope had been already attached to her from the tug, and taking a hearty shake of Leezy's hand, unable to utter a syllable, except farewell, Leezy, he crossed the plank, and went on board. The second bell was rung—all hands on board, and the Jiant of the Clyde set her engines to work.

"Let go," cried the Captain.

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the man at the rope, and the Jeanie Dougall glided away "like a thing of life," in the track of the Samson.

Those on the shore might be seen running along the quay, taking the "last fond look" of their friends, who beckoned to them over the ship's rail. The day was calm and pleasant, and though many appeared sorrowful and downcast, yet others were in good spirits, and seemed elevated with the hopes of success, in a land of liberty, and expected, under the wing of the "Eagle," to live happy and independent, where man was acknowledged by man, and where all shared alike in the privileges and government of his country.

CHAPTER III.

"The steam is up, the pistons play,
The bell has rung—she's away,—she's away;
The streamers are flying, and in her bold flight
She scuds o'er the waters like a thing of light."

Hughie, like the *Dominie*, had taken a little too much, but nothing beyond making him think the houses and trees on the shore were running up, while he imagined the ship stationary. There were 95 passengers, chiefly Scotch and Irish, of whom 39 were females, and the number of the crew, including officers, were 17. On descending the hatch, he found the carpenter had unroped his chest, and fixed it alongside his berth, and that his berthmate was a lad from Kilmarnock, of the name of Peter Cameron, a stone cutter. Peter, like Hughie, had never seen much of the world; nevertheless, he "kent a gude shilling frae a bad ane." They soon became acquainted, and after fixing their bed, and arranging their provisions, they put their cooking utensils all into one corner. Hughie had forgotten to bring soap—Peter had plenty.—While the latter left his razor—the former had a couple with him. After taking a stroll through amongst their fellow passengers, some of whom Hughie thought were rather queer looking customers, they resolved to be on the look out, and act as one man. Hughie went up on deck, where he found the sailors all busy fixing ropes, balyards, &c., and preparing for sea. They had reached *Dunglass* ferry; when about sixty yards off the ferryman hoisted his little flag, a rope was cast over, when the boat came alongside the ship, and two respectable looking men came on board, with whom the Captain shook hands, and seemed to know them. Hughie now seated himself on a coil of rope near the stern, for the purpose of getting a view of the *Clyde* as he went along. The cattle on *Dumbuck* hills presented a diminutive appearance, being na bigger than rabbits, and the "cloud cap'd" top of *Benlomond* shot up its peak in the distance. He strove hard with the bump of "*Locality*," which at this time arrayed before his imagination the associations of that "first lov'd spot called Home." He had commenced to sing over those beautiful lines of *Tannahill*,

"Loudens bonny woods and braes,
I maun leave them a' lassie;"

when he started to his feet, and biting his lip, exclaimed, "Na use o' greeting, I maun put a stout heart to a stee brae," and attempting to whistle up "*Scots wha hae*," he walked along the deck, and had his attention taken up with the sailors on the rigging.

Passing *Dumbarton Castle*, the *Samson* threw off her engines: "Go ahead," cried the Captain.

But the answer was, "No farther;" this being the distance the owners had agreed to take her.

A slight breeze struck out of the N. E., which wind was fair for their course. The Captain called out, "Make ready—spread sail." By eight o'clock all was had in readiness for sailing—the flying gib was wind tight—and while they were unreefing the main royal, a small sail hove in sight from the shore, (pulled hard by four weather-beaten fishermen, and carrying three men as passengers) who soon lay to the *Jeanie Dougall*.

"Boat-a-hoy!" cried one of the three. In an instant it was known all over the ship, that they were in pursuit of the two men who came on board at *Dunglass*, who had been in business at *Paisley*, but business going against them, through the depressed condition of trade, and having no prospect of meeting their creditors' demands, and seeing nothing before them but the prison room, they resolved on going to America. The passengers, to a man, came on deck, (except the two who were at this time stowed away) and determined to beat the officers off. One of the fishermen had got hold of a rope hanging over the rail, and fixed it to their boat,

and expected the steps would be lowered to take them on board. Some advanced with sticks, others broom-handles and rope-ends; when an old Irishman, with a wooden leg, breasted up, and swore the first man of them who dared to plant a *fat in tha ship*, he'd plant his fist behind his ear, and *sind* him ta the bottom of the *sac*. One of the officers took out a warrant, and began to read, "In the name of his Majesty, &c.," when this old son of Erin twirled his shillala round his head, and told him to go home to the hen roost, and read his riut act to the ducks, for an ould nagar.

Up sprang Hughie Morrison, and determined to shew his courage, bawled out at the pitch of his voice, "this is a free kintra, gang hame wa you and boil the cat, and make hairy kail 'ot: what care we for yer papers, or pistols, my certy: if I bring up auld Copenhagen, and twa three draps o' snipe dust, I'll send the whole batch o' ye into the midel o' next week, or my name is no Hughie Morrison."

"Bravo, bravo!" cried all on deck.

"Sheer off," cried old Bill Stubs, (a seaman) as he drew up his dark eyebrows, and shook his long black curly locks. "Sheer off," he again bawled out, in a voice of thunder, or blow me if I don't scuttle the first man who crosses that rail—aye, aye, I'll send him sky high, and no mistake. Tim, reach me that old handspike; I'll shew you how to make a port hole and a broad side; I'll slip the cable and send these coasters sky high, like a ten pounder whistling through the moon rakers and sky scrapers; I'll shew you sauce for fishes, and the real roun doun cliff: heave too—lower the jolly boat—come along, my old hearty—here to it," when the carpenter cut the rope with his hatchet, which the boatman held all the time, and sent them drifting behind.

Every man and woman on deck gave three cheers for Patrick Flinn, Hughie Morrison, and Bill Stubs, who fought so bravely. The anchor was weighed; the main sail and spanker, with the main royal, were unreefed, and the ship bounded gallantly over the wave. The two men now came on deck, and thanked the passengers for their interference on their behalf, and treated all round with a glass of the "Mountain Dew." By eleven o'clock all the passengers had gone to rest. Hughie agreed to lie at the back, and Peter at the front of their bed. That night every one seemed jealous of their neighbour's honesty, and when any noise was heard, you might see a head pop out here and there, "Looking Out" after their luggage. About twelve o'clock there was a noise heard exactly opposite berth No. 14, where lay our adventurer. Hughie touched the mason and whispered, "Peter, look out; ther's something amang our things." The other passengers heard it, and as the signal of being "wide awake," some coughed, others spoke out, till the disturber proved to be a couple of ferrets belonging to the ship, kept for destroying the rats. Nothing particular occurred till the 31st, being now six days out, when they were nearly opposite Hollyhead, and entered the Irish channel, up to which time they had fair wind and clear weather. About four o'clock P. M. the wind suddenly veered S. W. The Captain taking his stand near the stern, it was visible from his old weather beaten countenance, that something portended above; now, casting his eyes up to the heavens, now heading the ship in another direction—when in a stern commanding voice he cried out, "take sail in!"

"Aye, aye, sir," responded a dozen of voices, and the sailors went aloft like so many squirrels on a nut tree. The noise occasioned by the loose ropes, rattling of halyards, and reefing sails, with the prancing of feet on deck, alarmed all below, and in five minutes almost every one was on deck. Patrick Flinn was amongst the first up the hatch, and looking to the work going on aloft, and then to the gathering storm over head the Irish mountains, remarked to a seaman,

"Plase, sur, are we going to ketch it."

"Arah, boy, the sae is gettin' mighty noisy, and them big burds seem rather put out."

Hughie became so terrified that he only looked over the rail, and then made for his berth. He took up his position on the steps, his head popping out at the top of the hatch hole, shaking and trembling like an aspen leaf, crying out, "Ha! Peter, can ye soom, man; I canna draw a stroke; preserve us, what wile we da' if we'r a' drooned. I wish I was in Carmunnock the night, sitting before Broomhill ingle; it would be twa days I'm thinking, before I'd be here again." The wind blew harder, and the sea ran higher, the waves dashed over the decks with tremendous violence, and every heave of the ship threatened to send water casks, and all on deck, overboard. The one moment her stern went down edging with the rail into the water, the next her bows bounded ahead, burying her figure head in the wild wave. The passengers were all ordered below, and threatened to have the hatches nailed down. All was confusion and terror below—those who had not properly fixed their luggage, it went with the rocking of the ship, from side to side.—Kettles, pans, water flaggons, and tin dishes of every description, were knocking about; women and children crying; their shrieks brought down the Captain, who kindly sympathised with them, and endeavored to quiet and pacify them, telling them there was no danger, it would soon blow over. Hughie derived some consolation from the last words of the Captain, and asked him, as he stepped upon the ladder—

"Da ye think, Cabtan, it will be lang before it blows o'er?"

"No, no," he replied, "the moon will clear it all away—only a bit of a Norwester."

"The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last,
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams, the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep and lang the thunder bellow'd."—BURNS.

In an instant a loud crash was heard on deck—one of the booms broke down, and falling on the galley the passengers understood it to be one of the masts, and a run was made for the hatchway—the excitement was affecting.

"We'r aw by wa' the mater noo," exclaimed Hughie; "anither wave like that ane will send her ribs in, and send us ta' the bottom. Oh! Peter is ther' na way a body can get to aun?"

By this time a great many had become "sea sick," and seemed regardless as to what the result might be. By five o'clock next morning the weather cleared up, the sun broke through, and providentially the wind veered again into the N. E. and blew a sharp breeze: The Captain was overjoyed at so prosperous a change; every sailor was at his post, splicing ropes, mending sail, and they soon had the broken boom rigged up again. By ten o'clock the command to spread sail was given, and while the sailors, with a goodly number of the passengers, hauled at the ropes, they lightened their labor with the merry chorus—

"I wish I was at Baltimore,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie;
Pull my bullies, pull once more,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie."

CHAPTER IV.

"But see, the wind draws kindly aft,
All hands are up, the yards to square,
And now the floating stun-sails waft
Our stately ship through waves and air."—MOOR.

Being now on their right course, sailing at the rate of seven and eight knots an hour, the passengers now commenced cooking, at a temporary fixture near the broken galley; every one rushed forward with a kettle or pan, to get their victuals cooked, till they had one pile built above another on the fire. The cook warned them of the danger they were

exposed to; but determined to have their own way, they continued putting on more, till the coals began to yield as they burned, and in a twinkling, down came this pyramid of pots and kettles, like an avalanche. Screams and yells got up—the one knocked down the other in escaping from the fire and water, which flew round in every direction; some had scalded feet, others bruised hands; while old Bill Stubs, who sat near by mending a sail, sprang to his feet, swearing he'd whistle up another Norwester if they didn't look out. Old Patrick Flinn met with the severest loss; in attempting to leap over a tar barrel, his foot slipped, when down he came, breaking his artificial leg in two. The cook's eyes and teeth grin'd through his sable face, enraged at having his fire extinguished, dishes capsized, and his warning unattended to. The Captain had a galley fixed up for the use of the passengers, and gave directions for conducting the cooking, which, for the future, was strictly adhered to.—The weather continued clear, and the wind fair—the passengers amused themselves in reading, conversing, and occasionally Bob McFarlane played a tune to them on his violin. The females knitted, sewed, and kept their berths in order, and looking over the rail, gazing on the blue waves as they dashed away, over which the gallant "Jeanie Dougall" bounded. But there was one passenger who might at all times be seen on the one spot, looking over the figure-head on his knees—Hughie Morrison. On Sabbath there he sat the day long, with his Bible, and the "Crook in the Lot;" while aft were the sailors, tailoring, cobbling, and reading profane books, with the exception of three, who paid greater reverence to the day of rest, and were furnished with tracts, bibles, and a copy of the Mariner's hymns. Many little incidents occurred during the voyage, which created mirth and humor. Amongst others, one day while the sea ran high, and the ship heaved pretty hard, an Irishman, Archie Donnelly, who was blind of one eye, having lost it in a fight at Donnybrook fair, over which he had a green blind, while walking from the galley with a huge piece of bacon stuck on the point of a large roasting fork, he might be seen at every step holding on by the rail to gain his equilibrium, standing till the ship lay to the leeward, then running a few paces on his way for the steerage; at last on nearing the hatchway, he made a grand dash at a rope hanging loose from the main sail; the rope jerked him, and down he came with a broadside (or rather a back-side;) his hands were raised to save himself, when the bacon and fork parted, the former popping overboard, a timely mess for the Porpoises, who were gamboling around the ship. Archie first looked to the fork, then raising the cover off the blind eye, as if essential to the other, and looking to the deck, exclaimed, "Bad luck ta' ye's—may it choke to death and starvashun, the first fellow that takes it in his taith."

At night, when supper was over, the sailors gathered round the fore-castle, and many a long yarn they spun. Tom Bowling had been afore the mast since he was twelve years old; once he was wrecked on the coast of France, and with the second mate and other two of the ship's crew, floated upon a piece of the wreck for two nights and a day, when they were rescued by an English brig bound homewards. He was on board the British ship *Caledonia* when attacked by pirates on the South Seas, where they had tight work with the short sword, and sent their ship, the "Black Wolf," with her crew and cargo, in flames to the bottom.—Bill Johnstone, of Greenwich, was twice wrecked in the Irish Channel, once picked up by the "Ranger" pilot boat of Liverpool, and the other time by some fishermen from the coast of Ireland. None listened with greater attention than did Hughie Morrison, all of which he considered "truth unadorned," and drew from him the oft repeated interrogation, "Do ye think we'el ha'e ony mair Norwesters, before we gat ta' Baltimore. The name of the Gulf Stream, sounded very unpleasant in Hughie's ears—he had formed some curious ideas of that stream. The

Dominie represented it to him as never without thunder and lighting, a very Mount Vesuvius, a horrible, terrifying river to sail up. Hughie, from a child, dreaded thunder: there was a natural terror in his mind; and during a thunder storm at home, he became debilitated and physically affected by it. With Leezy Campbell he often went to her father's mill during a gust, thinking to drown the noise of the thunder with the rumbling of the machinery—and one of his principal objections to coming over to America, was the heavy thunder gusts in the Southern States. He had inquired very patiently of some of the seamen, regarding the time they would be in the Gulf Stream; some told him they only crossed it, others said they sailed a part of it, but none of them gave him any satisfactory information.

On the evening of August 30th, they saw ahead of the ship a number of lights in the form of fleets—towards morning they discovered them to be fishermen, and found they lay near to the Banks of Newfoundland; the water appeared greener, and pieces of seaweed floated alongside the ship. The weather here became dark and foggy, and they were becalmed about twenty-four hours, the sails hung loose, and not a breath of wind moved a rope. On the second of September a sail hove in sight; towards evening it neared the Jeanie Dougall, when the Captain spoke her; she was the "Martha Washington," of New Orleans, bound for Liverpool, with cotton, and had been driven off her course by head winds. On the morning of the eleventh, the Mate, taking his glass, went aloft, and discovered land to the right, being Smith's Island, and towards three in the afternoon Cape Henry appeared on the left. When near the Capes, a pilot boat came along side.

"Where are you bound for," asked the Pilot.

"Baltimore," answer the Captain.

"Pilot wanted?" and on being answered in the affirmative, they launched a small boat, and the Pilot boarded the ship, and took command.

CHAPTER V.

"When calms delay, or breezes blow,
Right from the point we wish to steer;
When by the wind close haul'd we go,
And strive in vain the port to near."—Moor.

There seemed joy and gladness lit up in every countenance; old Patrick Flinn said it did an ould man's heart good to see a strange face—for sure we hav'ant saen a living soul these weeks. I never travelled as far in all my life without meeting a frind and a noggin—giving his fingers a twirl, he lilted up "The Boys of Kilkenny," keeping time with his wooden leg. The day was remarkably warm and sultry; towards evening the wind fell, and it became a calm, which continued all that night; the next day was warmer still, the atmosphere warm and oppressive, and indications of a change. About four in the afternoon there appeared a cloud rising in the west; being a few miles below "North Point," the Pilot knew what was coming up, and the heavens soon portended a gust; the cloud appeared coming along the coast in the direction where they lay, and the rumbling of the distant thunder was a prelude of its near approach, while the lightning burst forth from the electrified mass. The Pilot took the signal, and had sail taken in; but not before the flying gib and spanker were torn to shreds. The storm came up in terrific grandeur, clouds rolling over clouds; the wind burst forth all at once, threatening to dismast her; the thunder hurled along the black heavens, while the water seemed a sheet of fire, and the waves dashed overdecks.

"Keep her head to the wind," cried the Pilot to Jack Frost, at the wheel; "I guess the old bark will ride her way out."

"Aye, aye; she'll weather this bit of a squall."

The gale continued about thirty-five minutes; when it passed away to spend its fury on the ocean, leaving the clear blue sky, which by ten o'clock was all studded over with spangling stars, and no vestige of the storm was seen, save the gleams of the distant lightning in the South-east. The passengers now collected in little groups, talking and chatting over this American salute, and many with pale countenances, and agitated minds, wished they had never left auld Caledonia. During the gust, and up till the present, there was one who had been out of sight, and none knew any thing of him—Hughie Morrison. Where was he? Peter, his messmate, looked round for him—he went to the long boat, the galley, forecastle, all over deck, but found no trace of him; he knew Hughie was afraid of thunder, but imagined nothing particular to have affected him during the gale. On going down below, he inquired of every one he met if they knew anything of his messmate, but none knew what had become of him, till some one observed a biscuit barrel (near the bow of the ship) tumble over, and a person coming out from among some old sail cloth; when Peter, with a lantern, advanced, and found it to be his neighbor; he had stowed himself away among some flour sacks, and covered all over with the sail cloth. Out he came, trembling, white as a miller, and understanding Peter was in search of him; his first question was—

"Is it a' oe'r noo, *Pattie."

"Man, yer a hen hearted soul," answered the Mason, "ta hide awa in there like a coo'ard, for twa three cracks o' thunner—come out, and no set the folk a laughing at ye."

"Ther's na' laughing in the maiter, Pattie; I ha' heard thunner in Scotland and seen lightning ta, but we ne'er saw nor heard thunner and lightning like the American kind, my certy; yon is the rattling claps—it wud tak four or five o' Scotch claps to make ane of the American claps, man, Pattie; I was shaking like a Peesweeps tap, and I thought my inside would have drapped oot."

Peter, however, sympathised with his bedmate, and felt with him in the present circumstances: he had proved Hughie an honest, kind-hearted fellow, and endeavoured to cheer him up, telling him he would soon get used to the gusts.

By the 14th September, the Jeanie Dougall was safely harboured in Baltimore—passengers passed the Surgeon and permits granted.—Hughie had been taken notice of by the Captain during the voyage, observing his willingness to pull a rope, or pick up a handspike when required; and knowing the difficulties of a foreigner to find his way after going ashore, and apt to be imposed upon by land pirates, and those cruisers who are ever on the look out for small craft with light sail and cork ballast, he kindly took Hughie's chest up to the cabin, thinking it best to send him along with a guide to his uncle's, who would see after his luggage.

We must now give the reader some idea of Hughie's appearance as he left the ship. He had allowed his whiskers to grow during the passage, and only shaved the upper and hollow part of his under lip, thinking he would exhibit a more manly appearance, with a pair of good whiskers. He dressed himself in a pair of white moleskin pantaloons, patched on the knees, and about four inches too short for him—a black vest, and short grey coat, with Waterloo buttons—a pair of rigg and fur stockings, and shoes filled with tacks—a red cravat, blue striped shirt, and a glengary bonnet. In this costume he came up on deck, after taking farewell of the Mason. Thinking he would be the better of a cane in his hand, he looked round in search of one, but finding nothing to suit

*Peter.

his purpose, he at once resolved to carry Copenhagen over his shoulder, and thus equipped, he went into the cabin.

"Well, Cabtan, Hughie's a' ready ta' march noo."

"So I think," answered the Captain, smiling. "Why, you look like a highland soger, and I'm a Dutchman if the Baltimoreans don't take you for a deserter from Canada. This old nigger will take you to your uncle's; follow him: go ahead: no danger: you will soon get to his house: this old fellow knows him."

The old African crossed the plank, and Hughie with timidity followed him: he was almost as afraid of a black man as he was for the black cloud at "Cape Henry." No alternative, he must go on; the old darkie turning round, put his hand to his hat, and asked—

"Hab you neber been in dis ere c'ty; vell de way is ober de odder street, down de alley, pass wegitable market, and de fuss hous ober."

Hughie did not understand a word he said, but fancied he wished to carry the gun, and, pointing to it, he answered; "Na, na, I'll carry Copenhagen mysel'."

The negro looked quite bewildered, and imagined his massa threatened to shoot him—not knowing what he meant.

"What!" said Josey, "shoot de nigga, me," and using the action to the word, "cos me fuss spok."

At this moment a letter carrier chanced to be passing along, and understanding the misunderstanding of Hughie and Josey, he made a reconciliation between them, and acted as their interpreter. They went up one street, down another, till coming near the wished for spot, when the darkie stopped and addressed Hughie.

"Now you be de witeman, an' me, Josey, de black: you lib an' me lib you dy an' me dy, an' Got mak both ob us—de witeman don't like de niggas cos dey be black; werry well, both ob us will be de same in de down deep grave."

The people who passed along gathered round them on the street, to hear the conversation. An Indian on the streets of Paisley, or a New-zealander at the cross of Glasgow, could not have attracted more spectators, than did Hughie Morrison and his sable guide on the streets of Baltimore. Hughie signified with his hand, that he wished to move onward to his uncle's. Josey here crossed the street, and pointing to a three story house a few yards distant, he took the lead, when Hughie cried out, "That 'ill da, ye may syne gang awa' back noo; I've got na mair need fur ye fur the praisent." But Josey went ahead across the footpath, and ascended four steps, pulled the bell rope, near which was a brass plate engraven with "Mr. Morrison." A black girl answered the door.

"What's de matta, Josey," asked the girl.

"Dis ere gem'an wants de Massa; he cum ober de sea in de ship, Cap-tun send me wid him to Massa Marson."

The girl eyed Hughie from head to foot, not knowing what to say; when Hughie, judging it best to go ahead, he walked in. Mrs. Morrison hearing the noise at the door, was coming out of the parlor, when she met her nephew right in the face.

"Auntie Bell!" cried Hughie; "Auntie Bell!" he halloed out; "it's you, and no mistake."

"Hughie Morrison!" cried his Aunt, "I'm thinking it is."

"Here I am, jist as ye see me, and braw and glad I am ta see ye, and it will tak me twa three days to gang through my adventures ta ye, and the way that auld black rascal used me down the street—the auld scounrel."

She had been in this country seven years, having come out the year after her husband; she was an active, managing woman, and possessed of kind generous hearted feelings. Mr. Morrison was one of those wit-

ty Scots, who have an answer for every body: he prided himself in having all his domestic matters kept in a well regulated and comfortable condition, and had one of the best furnished houses in that quarter of the city, and nothing pleased him better than falling in with an old countryman, and having a *crack* about home. Mrs. Morrison could not help smiling at her Nephew's costume, and particularly at the idea of carrying Copenhagen. She went to give the girl some orders for cooking dinner, when Mr. Morrison entered. He had been at the Custom House in the morning, and saw the arrival of the Jeanie Dougall: enquiring for the passengers' list, he found his Nephew's name on the roll; without any preliminaries, he, with a smile, asked his old woman, "Where is he?" Seeing her features blush, he walked into the parlor, and holding out his hand, kindly welcomed his Nephew and namesake.

"My stars! Hughie, how did you get over—how are you—have you been very sea sick—had you plenty of provisions?" and lifting the glengary bonnet off the table, he put it on little bub's head, and giving his fist a rap on the chair bottom, he exclaimed, "Scotland yet!"

He saw the old musket on its end in the corner of the room; he ran towards it.

"Stop! stop! Uncle," cried Hughie; "she's lodened wa' snipe shot, three fingers deep."

"My conscience! Hughie; and did you march along the streets with this old blunderbuss over your shoulder?"

"I'm thinking I did, Uncle," and it was weel for me I did, or by this time an auld black rascal, wa' a curly head and white whiskers, wou'd have made fish guts o' me."

"What! Hughie," old Copenhagen, Grandfather's old gun: the piece I had with the Radicals at Bonnymoor?"

"Right again, Uncle; right again: and between you and me, Uncle, it was gudé for ye, ye was na caught, or my certy, nather you, nor Copenhagen, nor Hughie Morrison, would ha' been in America the day—it's a' there, only a wee bit I cut aff the nose of her ta' get it in the ould kist."

"Well," said Mr. Morrison, "I am exceeding glad to see you, and I am happy you have got over in safety, things having all gone well with you. Walk up stairs, Hugh; I want to shew you something."

He went up one stair, then another, till reaching the third, when he told his Nephew to "look out here, the way is narrow," said he.

"I'll find ma' way," answered Hughie. On reaching the top he remarked, "I'm a blawing like a race horse, coming up sa' mony cruiked steps and stairs."

His Uncle took him into a bed-room, and handing him a chair, requested him to sit down.

"This is the room where you will sleep, along with cousin William; but I have a few instructions to give you, to which you must strictly adhere; I mean in reference to diet and clothing: you will be liable to sickness, till you get acclimated; be very cautious what you eat, and as regards clothing I will see to that part of it." Upon which Mr. Morrison went down stairs, and in about five minutes returned, bringing with him his razor case and shaving apparatus, and a suit of summer clothes over his shoulder. During this time Hughie sat mute, hardly drawing a breath; his Uncle barbered him, not even sparing his whiskers, all fell before the edge of the razor. Being washed, he was now dressed in a pair of light pantaloons, striped vest, and linen coat, fine shirt and a black ribbon round his collar, a pair of light shoes, and cotton stockings, telling him he had a straw hat for him below. Gathering up his cast off habiliments, he remarked—

"Uncle, they auld anes luks rather shabby noo; man, I'm as light as a eacock's feather."

Going down stairs they found Mrs. Morrison and the family awaiting them: he was introduced to all his cousins; some of the younger ones had hid behind the door, looking at him through the keyhole, when he first entered, being afraid of him. Dinner being ready, he was shewn to a seat; the numerous dishes on the table, rather bewildered him, not knowing where to commence first.

"Have a piece of roast?" asked his Uncle.

"A wee bit, thank ye, sir."

"A little mustard, Cousin?" asked Hellen.

"No, thank ye."

"Some gravy?" enquired Alex.

"Yes, frien', I tak a wee hair o't, and twa shakes o' spice."

He now began to cut and slash with knife and fork, but being very deficient in the art, he appeared rather unhandy and awkward. He had a great aversion to eating this way, and as an off put used to remark, "fingers was made before forks;" the children were all watching him, and smiling to each other, when his Uncle interfered, and gave him some instructions. He had nearly finished his piece of meat, when, on making a grand dash at the tough corner, it flew over the table, and like a piece of indian rubber bounded on the carpet; the old cat under the table got its eyes upon it. Hughie was not to be beat, and leaping from his chair, he was just in time to seize old Grimalkin by the tail, when she seized the meat in her teeth; holding on by the tail he halloed "P's cats! p's cats!" whereupon his Uncle burst into a fit of laughter, and little Bubbie fell off his chair at the sport.

"Let go! ye auld tigger," said Hughie; but the cat only grinned and held the faster; and rising up remarked, "she's a targer o' a cat."

His Aunt, by way of quashing the matter, remarked, "she is an old sly thief; I can get nothing put out of her way."

Hughie was helped to a few oysters baked in flour, when his Uncle asked him how they went with him; if he liked them.

"I dinna ken yet, but I mind whan I was a wee chap, I used to be dreadfu fond o' wulks, mony a popes eye bone, auld gir, pieces o' rags, and broken glass, I hai gathred for wulks and London candy. After eating one or two he remarked, I think the outside is baith the best and the boniest, the inside is unco-saut and slippery.

CHAPTER VI.

"Many and sharp the num'rous ills,
Inwoven with our frame;
More pointed still we make ourselves—
Regret, remorse, and shame."—BURNS.

During the afternoon he related to his Aunt all the news and intelligence from home; this one was dead, another married, some were getting up in the world, others coming down. When the evening came round Mr. Morrison returned home from his office, and taking a seat beside his Nephew, he remarked—

"Very warm, Hugh."

"*Vera, vera, man,*" replied his namesake; "I ha' suat this hale afternoon: I'm saying, have ye muckle thunder in Baltimore?"

"I guess we have," answered Mr. Morrison; "I think it probable we may have a gust this evening, the glass stands 93, and it was three degrees higher some time ago; the atmosphere is close and oppressive."

"Da ye think we'el have ane the night?" asked Hughie very seriously."

"Yes," said his Uncle; "there are every indication of a gust to-night; they are very common at this season of the year."

Hughie, with a pathetic expression on his countenance, said, "Man, Uncle, I'm terrible feer'd for thunner; ye dianna' ken how eery and fleicht it mak's me."

The coloured girl here entered with a pitcher of water, and said, "De gust be a coming up." Hughie's heart palpitated, and the rumbling of the distant thunder corroborated the girl's statement: when suddenly it grew dark; the lightning shone through the house, the thunder grew louder as it drew nearer, the rain descended in torrents, and the wind threatened to uproot the young trees in front of the house—the lightning spread its wild glare through the window blinds, and which was of various shades and colours, sometimes green, purple, red, &c. Hughie remained in a state of stupidity and inertness during the storm. After it passed over, his Uncle described to him the nature, usefulness, and beneficial influences of electricity, and the effect it produced upon the atmosphere and the vegetable world; but he accomplished little in the way of fortifying his Nephew's courage to meet the next one. The first words Hughie spoke were those of the Captain's at Cape Clear; "That was a bit of a Norwaster, and no mistake."

"I'll tell ye, Uncle, if the folk in Carmunock was seeing ane o' these comin' o'er the Mearns hills, or Cathkin braes, I tell ye, they would na' forget it in twa days."

His Uncle ordered the brandy bottle and some warm water, thinking his Nephew would feel better of a little drop before retiring to rest. The bottle was procured, and Hughie drank a' their healths round, till he was getting a little elevated, when he asked his Uncle if he minded the words o' Rabbie Burns;—

"Fortune, if thou 'll but gie me still,
Hale breeks a scone, and whiskey gill,
An routh o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak a' the rest;
An' dealt about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best."

"Rabbie was a rantan chiel, and though he was gyan rough whiles, he spak mony a true saying."

"Yes," said his Uncle, "many a night I have sat in John Paterson's, with half a dozen more, and while the stoup went moving round, the songs of Robert Burns were gaily sung; yes, many a night we have sat down at eight in the evening and the Larks were high up in the air before we started."

The atmosphere was cooled by the thunder shower, and they all went to bed. About two in the morning Mrs. Morrison was awakened by a noise down stairs, as if the house was being visited by robbers; she awakened her old man, and told him of her suspicions; he got out of bed, pulled on his pantaloons, and with the tinder box procured a light, which he carried in the left hand, and a large fire iron in the right; he went down stairs, followed by Mrs. Morrison; when near the bottom they heard a loud crash, resembling the falling of dishes; he called out, "Who's there? what's wanted? I guess a few lead pills will cure you."

"It's me, Uncle," responded a voice from the kitchen cupboard.

On going forward Mr. Morrison opened the door, and the reader may imagine his astonishment, on finding his Nephew with nothing but his shirt on, all bedaubed over with molasses.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the old Radical; "what's the matter, Hugh?" Hughie first looked to himself, and then to his Uncle; "I'll be hang'd, Uncle, if this is no' a fine scrape I've got into," shaking the molasses off his finger points.

He told them the punch had created a thirst, and he set out in search of water; he had wandered round the kitchen, and been *twa* hours in the closet, into which he had gone, and in attempting to grope his way out, shut the door on himself, and kept going round and round a' this time, till trying to get out by the ceiling, and down he came, bringing with him a large pitcher of molasses.

"I'm a' covered o'er wi' this paint—it's stickin' o'er me like bird lime—I'm as black as ane o' these neegers—I'll tak na mair toddy whan I gang ta bed."

His Uncle laughed till he awoke the grown up members of the family, who, with the negro girl, came running down stairs to see what was to do in the kitchen. Hughie went into the closet and his Uncle sent them aloft, after which he got him fixed in a clean shirt, and got to bed. Next morning at breakfast you might have bound Mr. Morrison with a straw, while his Nephew rehearsed to them the adventure of the night before. That day Mr. Morrison took his Nephew to his place of business, introducing him to a number of old countrymen in his employment; after which he went through the principal streets and places in the city. Every thing seemed strange, curious and foreign to him; the people (in his estimation) were a' gentlemen; he did na ken a rich man frae a pare ane; the people's faces, he said, were unco thin, yellow and bleached looking; no fat and plump like them at home—they spoke a queer kind o' language: aint, haint, I guess, and had an unco heap o' palavers, shaking hauns, an booing, and scraping, and how are ye's. The houses were a' wooden, maistly thin, slim, kittle looking slap ups for folk ta' leve in.—His first object of attraction was the hogs perambulating the streets—ripan, as he said, wild; he first enquired wha they a' belang'd ta, an how they kent the road hame again. "Man, Uncle, if a sow was broken oot o' his sty in Carmunock, a' the wanes in the town would be oot wa the weavers, and shoemakers' callans, chasing it wa' kail runts and divots."

He could not keep from looking at the black folks, as he called them; he had formed some strange opinions of them, and expected on his arrival, to find them in a more servile condition than what he found them: he was afraid of them, and consequently bore a hatred to them; they observed him taking notice of them, and acknowledged the same by touching their hat. They kept him bowing and smiling till his Uncle told him to look ahead, and never mind the darkies. On turning the corner of a street, he suddenly stopped, and catching his Uncle by the arm, bawled out—

"Uncle, look here! by Geordie, twa cows and a bull drawing a cart; my sang, that beats Paisley and Glasgow yet; see how tha' pu' wa' tha' muckle things roun their necks like washing stools."

"Hush!" said Mr. M., "the people are observing you; call them oxen. Don't you feel warm, Hughie?"

"I'm thinking I da' find it, Uncle; my sark has been stickan ta' my back these twa hours, and these thin breeks gars me whiles think I have nane on ava."

His uncle here stepped into a place where refreshments were kept, and asked for two glasses of ice-cream. He inquired of his Nephew, "if he knew what this was?"

"Its gyan like champed tatoes," he answered.

His Uncle, laughing, told him "it was ice-cream."

"Man, its cauld stuff," said Hughie; "its no ill ta' chew, it slips thro' ane's teeth before ye ken the taste o't."

They now went down to the harbour. On the way Hughie observed a team coming along, drawn by six of the funniest horses he ever saw; they had tails like a donkey, and lang lugs, but were too big for a Cuddie; he at first understood them to be a species of the horse belonging to this section of the world, when he asked his Uncle—

"What da' ye ca' these beasts?"

"Why, don't you know, Hugh?"

"Weel, I ken they are o'er wee for horses, and o'er big for cuddies; but what da' ye ca' them?"

"Why, these are mules."

"Mules!" exclaimed the Emigrant; "I aye thought a mule was a bird between a gooldie and canary."

His Uncle here fell into a fit of laughter, and continued laughing till he reached the ship.

"Here's the auld gigger," said Hughie. "Uncle, they 'll no ken me wa' these claes on."

"Go ahead," said his Uncle.

The Captain was walking on the quarter deck: he eyed his old friend from head to foot, upon which his uncle walked forward and shook hands.

"Well, Hugh," said the Captain, "how do you like Baltimore: pretty warm over here?"

"Yes, Cabtan, its unco warm—I dinna ken verra weel what ta say aboot it, yet—we had a Norwaster yestreen."

"O nothing worth speaking about; only a little bit of a blow overhead: why you ain't afraid of thunder yet, are you? Walk into the cabin, Mr. Morrison. Your Nephew would soon make a right smart tar; he pulled away like an old son of the ocean."

"Rather a green one, I'm afraid," replied Mr. Morrison.

"Come, take a glass of brandy, Mr. M."

After a round or two they had the chest forwarded on a cart, and on their arrival home found it safely delivered.

CHAPTER VII.

"Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's,
Poor Hughie like a statue stands."—BURNS.

Hughie unlocked his chest, and began to turn out its contents on the floor: the children all gathered round; first came the cooking utensils fixed on a piece of cord, pieces of cakes, red herrings, biscuits, old crusts, a sugar bag, tea cannister, knife, fork, and a spoon.

"What books are these?" inquired his Uncle.

"This," said Hughie, "is 'The Crook in the Lot;' here is the 'Fourfold State,' and this old ane is the 'Afflicted Man's Companion,' and here is the 'Battle of Drumclog.' Aunty, there's the Bible my auld mither put in my kist the morning I left hame, and sair, sair was her auld heart, it was gyan tryan;" taking out the breast pin he said, "there's a bit keepsake I gat frae a weelwisher."

"Ah," said his Uncle, "this is from your gal, L. C.: who is she, Hugh?"

"Weel, she's the Miller's dochter."

"Mr. Campbell?"

"Right again, Uncle; right again," she came to the Broomielaw with me."

"Who more came?" asked his Uncle.

"Her faither, and the auld wife, Thos. Paterson, and the Dominie."

"Did not the Dominie write the letter you sent us?" asked his Aunt.

"Did I not tell you so?" addressing Mr. Morrison; "I knew his hand write whenever I saw it?"

"Well, Hugh, what kind of a fellow is the Dominie, now?"

"O' he's jist the auld saxpence; he was na' lang in the parting house where I gied them twa three gills and a drink o' ale, till he was singing 'Duncan Davidson;' and we cam down to the ship, leaving him sitting on the chair as fu's a Gauger. The body is unco fond o' a bit horn; he likes it weel, and naething pleases him better than ta sit down 'ateen wa' twa tree cronies o'er the gill stoup."

Bell rings. "Ma," said little Bubbie—when she ordered Poll to answer the door—and here entered Mrs. Walker and her daughter, Miss Mary.

"How do you do, Mrs. Morrison. I guess I heard you had a friend come over from Scotland; how do you do (excuse me for introducing myself.) Mr. Hugh: I see the voyage over the salt sea has given you a fine fresh, healthy appearance; how glad I am to see you. Mrs. Morri-

son, I would know he was just newly landed, he has the *wag* of the ship—and had you a good passage?—how many passengers?—did the Captain pay good attention to you? O dear; were you very sea-sick?—how long was you in coming over?—were there any deaths on board?—how did you find out your Uncle's?"

Mr. Morrison here entered: he had been removing the chest out of the way, and hearing Mrs. Walker worn out with her interrogations, he thought it best to strike in before she recovered breath enough to commence another harangue of compliments and never-be-done observations. Hughie was at a loss to know which question to answer first, and simply replied—

"O, I'm verra weel." Ha, ha! (laughed out) Mrs. Walker; how curious the old Scottish dialect sounds in my ears; I think myself just at home. O dear, Mrs. Morrison, home sounds sweet in our ears."

Mrs. Walker came out in the ship with Mrs. Morrison—she belonged to Dumbartonshire—her husband being over a year in the country before her, the two families had always lived on the best of terms, and kept up an intimate acquaintance with one another. Mrs. Walker was one of those ribs remarkable for talkativeness; her tongue was only kept silent when asleep; she was moreover rather assimilated to that class called "Busy Bodies;" what she saw and heard in the one house, she told in the other. After tea, Mrs. Morrison and her nephew escorted Mrs. Walker and her daughter nearly home, and parted, after promising to come over and drink tea with them on the following Friday evening.—Friday came, and at the hour appointed Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hellen Morrison, accompanied by Hughie, repaired to Mrs. Walker's: they were kindly received and all things in preparation for them. The evening was spent in a happy and agreeable manner: Mrs. Walker exhibited particular marks of attention and kindness to Hughie. Miss Mary brought from her work box a satin cravat, which she had purchased for him on the previous evening, and which so tickled him—along with the little drops of wine agus he had been drinking—that he could almost have "popped the question," had not the remembrance of the Miller's daughter fledged before his mind. He attempted once or twice to speak a loving word, but in the attempt his tongue became powerless, when her sparkling eyes got fixed on his. He once raised his arm to put round her neck, and while it rested on the back of her chair, was turning round screwing up all his courage, to tell her of his affections to her; but his courage failed him, his fortitude fled—he could not look her straight in the face, and was not altogether certain of her features. They parted that evening, remarking they would see each other on Sabbath at meeting. That night his mind was filled up with his visit, and before his imagination Mary Walker fledged; he could not sleep, and when the morning came round his first thoughts were about Miss Walker.

During the early part of the day he took a stroll in the vicinity of "Fell's Point," dressed to the nines, with his cravat, and pin, and shirt collar neatly folded over. He had not proceeded far when he observed a young lady approaching him from the opposite side of the street, and whom he at once concluded to be Miss Walker—her figure, dress, and bonnet, were exactly like her's—and he had not the least hesitation about it; moreover, he was not acquainted with any other lady in the city, and on stepping off the pavement she met him, and taking him by the hand, asked how he did.

"O, Miss Walker! how glad I'm ta see ye: I was doon the length o' the ship, (she here took hold of his arm,) I gang doon every morning ta see her; ye ken a body feels strange and unco eery in a farein kintra at first: how is yer mither, and a' the rest o' ye, this morning?"

"Why, we are all right smart; mother was just mentioning your name before I left home."

"Weel, Miss Walker, I was unco shamed at yer kindness ta' ma yestreen, and the trouble and expense yer mither was at on my account—she said she liked me baith for my appearance, kintra, and particularly for my name; she tells me yer grandfaither was a Hugh Morrison.

"Well, I suppose, Mr. Morrison, you have left one dear friend behind you in Scotland, and for whose sake you wear that pin, as a token of remembrance."

"Weel, I daur say may be I have; but yer no speaking o' this ither keepsake ye gied me last night: I mean the cravat."

"O, perhaps I am going too far—I may wound and injure your feelings, and tempt you to imagine *that I wish to win some one's affections.*"

"O' no, not at all; but whan friens are parted, losh their ready to forget ane anither whan they fa' in wi' a frien' as gude; and between you and me, Miss Walker, yer the bonny'st, blythest lassie I ever saw; ye have the roseiest cheeks, the pretty blue 'een, I ever looked on—and yer cheeks is redder even than yestreen."

"Oh, you flatter me, Mr. Morrison; you will make me too proud; I will forget myself, you admire me so much, and speak so highly of my beauty and accomplishments. Let us take a walk down this way, Mr. Morrison: 'tis a pleasant road along here: *'have a few figs,'* Mr. Morrison?"

"O, thank ye, Miss Walker, I'm unco fond o' them."

After walking and talking for about half a mile out from the city, Hughie remarked—

"Losh, its unco warm; I'm sae sleepy and dosey that I could jist sit down and drap o'er asleep, I feel sae heavy and queer weys."

"Well, Mr. Morrison, the heat of this warm climate will so affect you, till you get acclimated; but here is a fine seat under the shade of this old hickory, let us sit down and rest a little while," handing him her fan. Hughie inclined his back to the tree, it being a circular seat, and in five minutes he was over asleep.

The reader, by this time, we doubt not, will be conjecturing as to whether this was actually Miss Walker, or a pretended one, and we need scarcely mention, she was no other than one of those abandoned females, who are ever on the look out for "green ones," such as she had caught. Having found out his name, and also a stranger in the country, she found groundwork for the accomplishment of her designs; giving him a few figs, into which she had introduced opium, she brought her object into operation, and placed him in a fit condition and situation for plunder. She now robbed him of his cravat, pin, pocket handkerchief, taking with her the shoes off his feet, leaving him under the effects of the opiate. In this condition he remained nearly four hours, when he was aroused out of his stupor by a thunder gust: the rain descended in torrents, the whole heavens were a mass of blackness over him, from which the lightning darted in terrific forms, and the thunder seemed to shake all around him. Drenched in the rain, stupefied with the dose, bewildered, not knowing where he was, he started to his shoeless feet, like a man under delirium tremens, gazed with a wild infuriated look; he ran forward, backward, around the tree, till he became conscious of his situation, and he remembered coming to the place in the company of Miss Walker; when off he started full speed, till reaching the turnpike, where he met a teamster leading his horses: the leader was scared by the thunder, and almost unmanageable. The man requested Hughie to reach him his hat, which lay a little way behind; he picked it up, and handing it to him, asked, in a very dejected and terrified tone,

"Man, can ye tell me whar my Uncle bides?"

"What, son'e, cant thee tell his name?"

"Mr. Morrison, — street," answered Hughie.

"Why you aint far to go; jist a little ways ahead; second street you'll find it, I guess."

When, like a grey hound in the track, he made off. The rain pelted on him, the thunder rolled over him, the lightning flash'd all round; truly, this was Hughie Morrison in a thunder gust. He soon found out his way, and running down the second street he came to his Uncle's, and with one antelope bound he went up the outer steps, pulled the bell, as if in despatch for the fire engines. His Uncle saw him through the window, and had the door open almost as soon as he caught the bell cord. In he went, bedaubed with mud to the neck, and minus of his shoes, cravat, &c., and panting like a stag before the pack.

"Bless me, Hugh!" cried Mrs. Morrison: what's the matter? what has befallen you? have you fallen into the water?"

"What is the matter?" asked his Uncle rather sternly.

He sat down, unable to utter a syllable, sobbing, and very downcast.

"Get up stairs, Hugh," said his Uncle, "and have your clothes changed." Following his Uncle he left his foot prints on the stairs; for a time they remained ignorant of what had befallen him. "Get a little warm punch," said his Uncle, "and give it to him immediately." The cordial was soon prepared, and after it had been a few minutes in Hughie's stomach, he revived, and became a little elevated; he sat down on the sofa beside his Uncle, and with a kind of smile and look of pity on his face, he said,

"Uncle, are ye angry at me?"

"I should like first to know for what," he replied. "I am sorry for you: your aunt and the whole family has been in the greatest perplexity and sorrow about you these two hours past."

"Weel, harken ta' me;" and here he went through a recital of his meeting Miss Walker, of receiving the fgs from her, and going to sleep under the hickory tree, being awakened by the Norwaster, and stripped of his shoes, &c.

"Well, Hugh!" said his Uncle, "I hope this adventure will prove beneficial and of service to you, and I feel glad that nothing worse has befallen you. The girl you supposed to be Miss Walker, was one of those abandoned gypsies who hunt for prey, and with such subtle craft and design, that slyer game than you have been caught in their traps. She drugged you, and left you asleep (after robbing you) in this condition. The gust came up, and the rain brought you out of your stupor. I hope for the future you will be on the look out for such characters; for depend upon it you will meet with such designing craft wherever you go."

"I'll watch them," said Hughie; "by ging, if ever I happen ta' see that hizzy I'll tear the ee'n oot o' her skull."

"Never dream of such a thing," replied his Uncle; "and even though you should discover her on the street, or any of the articles you lost, pay no attention to them; it will only bring you into more difficulty, and expose your simplicity"—and his Uncle finished up the whole by a hearty laugh over the way the supposed Miss Walker had played upon him.

"I ay'e thought," said Hughie, "I was auld faran'd, and pretty cunnin, but yer American lasses is o'er lang in the lugs for me, and whan ane is brought ta' the scratch, it needs a' the wits ane has aboot them, to get oot o' tha loop hole"

CHAPTER VIII.

"Ye'll try the world soon, my lad;
And, Andrew, dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve you."—BURNS.

His Uncle gave him five dollars in silver: after describing the names and value of the pieces, from a dollar to a cent, he told him to mind the old Scotch proverb—"Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves;" remarking:—

"It was fortunate I did not give it to you yesterday, or else it would have gone with the breast pin."

"O, Uncle," said Hughie, "that's o'er muckle at once; tak back four of the dollars."

"No, no," said his uncle, "take it all."

"Man, that will keep my pouch a twall month."

Being Saturday, his uncle told him he should go to church to-morrow, and observed that their form of worship was rather different from Carmunock, but he would soon get used to it. The Sabbath came; and at the hour of meeting he went with the family to church. He was not well sat down, when the choir started an anthem; there being both vocal and instrumental music; amongst them two violins, at the sound of which he was struck with amazement, and looking over to his uncle, whispered,

"Uncle, uncle, a fiddle in the kirk! a fiddle in the kirk! sic profanity."

"Hush," said his uncle.

He sat very impatient during the services; and the first words he spoke on reaching the door were—

"A fiddle in the kirk! a fiddle in the kirk! I never kent the like o't; it gude enough, twa skirls on a Halloween, or Nairdy night, or at a wading, or Glasgow fair time; but on the Sabbath day, in the house o' the ship, it's gaun o'er far; I'd far rather stop at hame, and read ane o' the Knox's sermons, than gang to a kirk, wha'r they play the fiddle on a Sabbath day; na, na, gie me the precentor; that's a' the fiddles or singe I want below the pulpit."

He went down regularly to see the ship every morning, and after taking another view of the "auld gigger;" as he called it, he took a stroll through the city. One morning he changed his route, and took a walk into the country. Going along the western turnpike, in the direction of Ellicotts' Mills, he met in with two pedlars: on his way back, he inquired of them how far the road went, the appearance of the country, if there were many houses on the road, and such like questions, enough to show them he was a greenhorn. One of them who carried a large pack over his shoulder, gave him what information he wanted.

"I guess," said the pedlar, "you'r from Scotland."

"Man," said Hughie, "I only came to America twa three days syne, and I ken better what you say than ony ane I've met in with, except my uncle and aunty."

"And so you may," answered the pedlar; "I know a little about it." Taking Hughie by the hand, he wished him good luck. "I am always glad to meet in with an old countryman. I know what it is to be a stranger in a foreign land; I've seen a bit of the world, and know some of the ways of it; many a tough rope I've pulled and over many a rough road I've trod. I guess there ain't a pedlar between here and the Rocky Mountains that's passed through sharpers and diggers, that escaped so many bullets, bowie-knives, brickbats, daggers, and staff-spears; that's a fact. Nineteen times I was shot at, seven times stabbed at, five-and-twenty times tried to be robbed, and eleven times surrounded by niggers; that's a fact. And here I am, as lively as a squirrel at sun-rising cracking its nuts, and washing its whiskers with its dewy tail in the morning."

"Man," said the emigrant, "ye have cam' through a great deal in yer day."

"That's a fact," said the pedlar, "every inch of it, so pop me, Jerry; 'tis all true, from top to bottom; 'tis a regular orthodox fact; I'm a regular go-ahead, straight-forward fellow; and it would take a book the size of my pack to make an index to my history; that's a fact."

"And what did ye da' whan the niggers came across ye?" inquired Hughie.

"What! the darkies?" asked the pedlar; "O, I'll shew you the cure for them;" throwing his pack off his back, he pulled the strap, and opened a

large buffalo hide, and taking out a pistol told him "this was the fellow to frighten the boys; you require neither flint, powder nor bullets, only let them see it, and I guess when the crows smell the powder they'll take the road like a lamplighter: that's a fact, and without even axen what time it is."

"What would ye be a' seeking for that ane," asked Hughie.

"O this one is already purchased—I'm taking it to a gentleman who ordered it—I get four and a half for it. I should liked well if I had another either to sell or given you in a present; for mind I tell ye, you must keep a look out, or else you will be drugged, or dope some way or other. Take every one you meet for a rogue, and before you speak once, think fifteen times, and even then hesitate. O take another look of it; (handing him back the pistol) 'tis what we call a real high flier, patent, powder proof—it can shoot on the wing or the bush—double lock'd, silver mounted, watch spring, silver steel, twist barrel: ain't she a neat, light, tight, pocket piece—price four and a quarter—so you see I have one quarter off it for my trouble."

"I will give ye three dollars fur her," said the Emigrant.

Well, friend, I should liked well to have traded with you; and I'll beside what I'll do with you; I shant call upon Mr. Tripletrigen to-day—he shal procure another for him by the next time I come round—and be-

"U-part with you, take her, and now I tell you, be on the look out."

Hughie handed him the three dollars; and being near the city, the dollars took one way and Hughie the other. He considered he had met in with one good friend, and whose cautious counsels he resolved to attend to. On reaching home he told his Aunt of his walk into the country; of meeting the twa packmen; and the kind advice they gie'd him, when he took the pistol from his pocket, shewing her the great bargain, describing its utility and general good qualities.

"What gave you for it?" enquired Mrs. Morrison.

"Only three dollars."

"Only!" she replied,

"That's a'," replied Hughie.

"Well I think you have paid for your whistle—at least your pistol—you certainly are a greenhorn, Hugh, after all," and thrusting her thumb nail into the barrel, told him it was nothing but a piece of pasteboard, varnished in imitation of steel, and the whole was not worth a ten cent piece.

"What da' ye tell me?" said Hughie.

"Why I say you have acted foolish; the pedlar has made you pay both for his advice and his pistol; I guess by this time he is laughing over your simplicity: now this is another warning to you: the three dollars I will give you, but never let your Uncle know anything of the matter, or else he will get mad as a tiger."

"O! Aunt, Aunt, that's o'er kind o' ye; but mind ye, I'll tak better care o' my haun ta come."

Here his Aunt tore the barrel into pieces, putting it in the stove, when she handed him the money.

CHAPTER IX.

"With giant power, the blow he struck,
And brought the rascal down.—GLENROTHUR.

A few days after his pistol transaction, he took a strole around the city, when his attention was taken up with some wandering Indians, who were shooting at cents and other pieces of money, the people set up as marks for them. He had never seen any of these brawny sons of the West before; and while in the act of pitching a cent into the lap of an old Squaw, some one behind touched him on the shoulder. On looking round, he found his old shipmate, Patrick Flinn, standing at his side.

"The top of the morning to ye's," said Patrick; "give me a hould of ye'r ould fist; and how do ye's wather the wind, Hughie; hav'ant I been amaisht kilt since I seed ye's. An ould Nagur quarreled wid me about the price of a bushel of prate's, and he got up a brick bat, and it jist comb'd the tip of my whisker. I couldan't run after him; but I mighty soon pulled off my leg, and pitched it into his short rib; and sure he came down like a crow off a tree; and he lay spreading out his wings in the mud, turning up his white eyes, and cried for marcy. I made up to him on my yane leg, and picking up the tother, I made him swear he'd never agin lift a fist, or pitch a bat at Patrick Flinn. Soul, Hughie, and don't you feel the ould ship a rocking yet; every night in bed, I hear the waves thumping agin the sides o' her, and I think I'm amaisht tumbling out."

Hughie here went into a recital of his misfortunes and adventures; after which, Patrick proposed going into a tavern near by, and getting something to drink. Hughie was glad to see his old shipmate, who fought the officers with him, and with whom he lived on the best of terms, and received many little acts of kindness from him, and at once acquiesced in the proposal. In they went. Patrick treated himself and Hughie to a glass of the critter, and took a seat in the Bar-room. Three young gentlemen sat on the opposite side of them, smoking cigars, well dressed, and having a respectable appearance. They, however, belonged to that class called loafers; none of them had a cent in his pocket, and if any, it was borrowed. There they sat, talking and discussing politics, liberty and independence; their shirt collars folded over their shoulders, the washing of which they had not paid the old negro woman, whose daily calls met with the same off put answer. Their clothes were of the newest fashion; but stood against them unsettled in the tailor's books; with small brass hoops on their fingers, and a watch guard hanging loose round their necks, like an Indian's ornament. There they sat, *idle, trifling, lazy fellows*, waiting a treat. Hughie kept a sharp eye on them, while Patrick spun out his yarns to him. One of the loafers went to the mantel-piece, and pulled a little green blind to one side, behind which was a frame, with the words painted on it, "Turn me over."—Hughie thought this was something interesting, and new, to him, and proposed to turn it over; but Patrick took another view of the matter, and told Hughie to keep aisy, as he thought they were Sharpers. Hughie, after a little hesitation, went up to the place, looked it all round, then turned it over, whereupon, a painting of his Satanic majesty appeared on the other side, and printed below, "Treat the company." Here the loafers started to their feet, crying out, "treat the company! Come, now; you are a good hearted fellow; give the treat!" Hughie turned the frame over again, and was about to apologise, when one of them stepped forward:

"None of your backing out, old fellow; come, come, you had better pay your quarter right off."

"Aye, aye; you had better believe me, old Captain; the old fellow on the board must have his orders attended to."

"By the long bridge of Belfast!" exclaimed Patrick, "I'll grind ye's inta paes, every mother's son of ye's, ye ould good-for-nothing rascals; ye tuck us for grane yins; but I'll be shiv'd, if ye dont make yerselfs scarce, I'll be after digging my pin inta the short ribs o' ye's; sa' hould aff!"

"Oh!" cried one of them; "Paddy, be aisy!"

When Patrick put a button in his coat, and bounced right ahead into one of them, who fell over an old stove pipe, in the corner.

"Ould Ireland yet!" shouted Pat. "Who's next?" when one of them aimed a knock-down at Hughie, who stood at Patrick's back, keeping him steady on his pin leg. Patrick shielded off the blow, and, seizing

the fellow by the breast, his shirt (at least all that was for it) came away in his hand, which was nothing more than an elevenpenny breast fixed inside his vest, leaving his naked skin. The fellow, ashamed, ran out; Patrick pitched the breast after him, telling him to take his shirt along with him. The third one seemed determined to contest the fight, and advanced, taking a clasped knife from his pocket—the sight of which terrified Hughie, while it only irritated and fired up the determination and fury of Patrick.

“Blood and hounds!” he shouted, the foam flying from his mouth; “ye ugly bullfrog, ye mane ta murder us; ye’r a right smart fellow,” when, with the agility of a Necrobat, he leaped the height of the table, and gave him a stomacher. Down he went, Patrick on the top of him, when he extricated from him the weapon of death. Putting his knee on the loafer’s breast, he held his head down with his left hand, and raised the open knife over him with the right: in this position he looked him in the face.

“Ye ould rotten hearted fend, ye are; ye lump of a cut throat; ye’d try to stab us cause we would’ant treat you; ye’ll die wid yer shoes on, and if I’m thurty miles from yer gallows, I’ll come every pace on my pin, to see you thrown over; ye ugly nagur.”

The fellow, by this time, was crying, and pleading to get up; the Bar-keeper insisted on Patrick letting go, upon which he handed him the knife.

“Now, my boy, (addressing the fellow) there ye are; and never a fut ye’ll stir, till ye swear ye’ll never lift a fist or draw a knife to Patrick Flinn, and walk off peaceably.”

The fellow was glad to fulfil the agreement, and rising from his knees, walked off.

“Stop!” said the Bar-keeper to Patrick; “you ain’t going off; have a glass here: stop, I will broom you.”

“Broom us!” said Patrick, putting his finger on the point of his nose: “Cushindall, arn’t ye a sly fox; I ricken ye want another round or two; but its all over my fist.”

“Can ye say paes, Paddy?” asked the other.

“Wud you like a bunch o’ fives in yer ugly mug?” asked Patrick, upon which he limped out of the door; turning round, he, smiling, said, “sure yer a taiser of a fellow; ye’d fritten a hog to luke at ye’s.”

They both walked off as quick as possible.

“Did’ant I mighty quick tumble the boys?” said Patrick; “why I could have ripped him up like a sack o’ banes, and pulled his puddings a mile long. Bad luck ta ye’s: Hughie, they thout we were grane ones; they maint ta slabber us wid their picture, but I gie’d them the cure for the gout; sure they wont come a begging at our door again—and, ye see, Hughie, the Bar-keeper wanted us ta stap a bit, till the fellows shud come back agin wid as many more of them, to give us a rigaler strappan. Botheration to them, they’ve torn a hole in my breeches, large enough to let ‘all the rats in the parish through:’ put in this pin, Hughie.”

“Man, Patrick,” said Hughie, while fixing his pantaloons, “ye’r the best at the neiv’s I ever saw; whan the gully knife came oot, I thought it was a black soap wa’ us; but, Josh, ye brought him down like a cop in the slaughter house, jocktaleg an a’. I never would ha’ thought the man at the counter was any way acquainted wa’ them; I took it a’ for kindness in him offering us a glass at the door, till you and him began ta flite.”

“Oh ye grane horn!” said Patrick; “sure ye might have kint better; he’s an ould fellow at his trade; and them fellows and him are all burds of yin feather. I tell ye, Hughie, ye’r too good a hearted boy to travel alone; ye’r too grane for the world, and ye had better stap’t at home; but mind, my good fellow, look out, or them boys will play Paddy the Piper over you.”

Going along the street a little way, they parted, after giving each other their directions, promising to meet soon again. Hughie resolved to say nothing of this adventure to his Uncle, and hurried home as fast as possible. On reaching the door, he met his Aunt, who inquired of him about his walk, what new things he had seen, and how he liked the city? having had some little time to look round him.

"Weel, I dinna ken," he replied; "it's a weary world, this!"

"Why," said his Aunt, "you aint getting tired, are you? you must not weary, or think long; keep up your spirits, you will soon become acquainted with the customs of the country."

CHAPTER X.

"Ye powers wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants na sinking ware,
That jaups in luggies;
But if ye wish her gratefu' prayer,
Gie her a Haggis."—BURNS.

Being dinner hour, his Uncle, as usual, came home. He told Hughie they had something for dinner to-day, he had never seen yet. I mean tomatoses.

"What!" said Hughie, "these things Aunt has put upon the table?—Man, Uncle, they put me in mind o' potato plums." After trying one or two, he felt diffident to refuse, or leave them on his plate.

"How do they go?" inquired his Aunt.

"Weel, I'm rather feer'd the'll be o'er strong for my stomach, and I think I'll haud wi' them I've ta'en."

Being handed some boiled corn, his Uncle determined to watch the manner in which he proceeded to eat it. Taking the head in his hand, he commenced to eat at the end, dipping it in the salt dish: "I'm saying, Uncle, how da' ye eat these fir tap things; man, they'r as tough as a horse whip."

Upon which his Uncle fell a laughing, and shewed him how to dissect them.

After dinner, his Uncle enquired what new things he had seen in his perambulations to-day?

"There was one thing I ne'er saw afore; that is, the hooses is slated wi' wooden slates. Man, Uncle, things is no fitted up in the substantial way they are at home. I couldna keep frae lucking at the auld grey headed wives, gaun aboot bare headed, wi' ribbons, and laces, and kaims aboot their necks, and hair like young flirts o' lassies. The houses are real thin, shackley lookan things. I saw ane the day, man; it was jist joists and laths, plastered o'er, neither a brick nor a stane frae the ground ta the riggan. I was thinking the day I wouldna mak a gentleman; they have o'er many palauvers for me. Hughie Morrison was neer fash'd wa mony faldaralls. I have been keepit washing, shaving, combing, brushing, as if I was gaun ta a ball; and speaking genteel; and shaking hauns; and how do you do's, Mister, and Misses, and Miss; and right smart, sir; and, please, sir; I'm quite botherationed, sick o't; if ye have a sair wame, ve munna tell it; and if ye tak a sair head, yer sick; and then dose doon pills, and pouthers, and drops, and teas; and ye have sa mony troubles here we ken nathing aboot at home; billious fever an' ague, and ye maun keep sae mony wee bottles o' loudnam, and castor oil, and aither, and I dinna ken what, as muckle as wou'd fill an apothecary's shop. A' we need whan no' weel, is a scouring o' salts, bathing our feet in het water, and lyan doon wa' a warm brick at our feet, our stocking sole at our throat, and a gude roun glass o' whiskey doon our thrapple—and in the morning we're quite weel, and as soople as a saugh wand; and, man, jist feel how warm it's; I'm never dry, I sweat night and day, sleep an and waukan. I dinna ken how ye sleep at night, but I can naither sleep nor lie; I'm like the Miller's dog; I mind whan he cam' in ta' our hearth stane,

he gaed roun' and roun', looking at his tail, before he got a place ta rest his auld carcass on—and they wee whistling things never devauls wa' their ricket and cricket the hale night. And a body has naither peace nor pleas'er, here. With tha' gusts and norwasters, they keep me watching the clouds a' day; and I'll tell you, the hair stauns on my head like a bare's fud, whan I see the cloud shooting up its black horns in the wast."

"Ha! ha!" cried Mr. Morrison; "such a long string of perplexities, difficulties, and heart rending miseries for a poor man to be under. Why, Hugh, you would make the people at home imagine we lived in a hospital, that we fed upon drugs, and were surrounded by Mount Vesuvius. By and by all these difficulties will clear off; you haint become acclimated yet; neither have you got over your home sickness. Some of these days you will be flying about, booted and spur'd, with your gold watch in your fob. Leezy Campbell will be over after a bit; perhaps the Miller and Toby too—I guess there wont be any word of pills, gusts, or both-erations, then!"

That evening Mrs. Morrison had cooked some oyster soup—a dish Hughie had not seen before.

"Well, Hugh," said his Uncle, "I'll bet a dollar you don't guess what this dish is; it is one you never saw in Scotland, but is a favourite in this country." His Aunt served him out a plateful of soup, upon which he remarked—

"It smells weel." Taking up a spoon, he turned over his oysters, taking a cautious penetrating look of them. "Man, their're unco funny looking things, they; are tha flesh or fish, or where do they grow?"

"Guess away," said his Uncle.

He fixed one on the point of his fork, while he kept turning it round and round, to see the head of it. "Is it a beast," he enquired very gravely; "has it a head and a tail? O, I see what it is noo; ther' painches, coos painches."

His Uncle fell into a fit of laughter, and told him to find out.

"Man, the're wee, scuddie, slippery, snail lookan beasties; I would as soon eat a young kiltlen as ane o' these. O, I see noo what they are; the Dominie told me the folk in France eat puddocks, so I see thir jist young puddocks. Man, I coudna guzzle ane o' these ta save my life."

"Come, come," said his Aunt, "try the soup, and leave the scuddies to Uncle."

"Man, the're jist like wee mavis, new oot the shell. Ye have o'er mony dishes and soups, and things for eating and drinking; ther'e nathing like the auld Scotch feed, a boul o' weel boild parritch wa a stane in them, or a cog o' cager brose; they stick to ane's ribs like a leech!—Man, ye mind the fat kail wa junts o' beef Grannie used to mak: as for roast, we kent nathing aboot it, only at a Nairdy, whan we might have a pound or twa o' beef stake, wa'e an onion or syba tail in it. As for the haggis, it is the king of the pudding race, as Rabbie Burns says; losh, how it maks a body's teeth water ta think on't. Gie me a gude fat lunch o' a sweetmilk chebboc, on a sonsey bannock; as for chick-ens, and turkies, and sauces, gie them ta the gentry. I hope Providence will neer mak a King o' me, for I coudna be tormented wa' yer genteel-ities, for a kingdom. I'll tell ye what maks ye a' sae often sick wa' toothacke, and headacke, and backacke, and sic a continual never-end-ing touts: its the things ye eat, the trash ye ram down ye. My certie, if I was supping this platefu' o' tripe, I would be fasht wa' the back door trot the morn, my stomach would be in a snaw storm in the morning. Ye needna laugh, Aunty, its a' true. Look ta tha' braw bonny bairns, their teeth is rotted oot o' the head o' them, eating candies, blackman, and they sweetie things; losh, if they chew beans, or hips and haws, as I did, their teeth wudna be sae black and rotten; and ye ha'e a kind o'

doctors here I neer kent o' before; that's the teeth doctors; Mrs. Walker's mouth is full of tha' soger's teeth, and I'm verra faur mista'en, if Mary disna rub her cheeks wa something ta' mak them sa red. I saw her mither tak a meally clout that night we were down, and she gae'd ta' the lucking glass, and clapped it on her cheeks, and I wasna mista'en, for I saw the meal stickin on her eye winkers and down the sides o' her nose!"

"Well, Hugh! you are quite an amusing fellow; I think the ladies wont feel inclined to say or do much in your presence."

"I suppose you wont tell me then, what these scuiddies (as you call them) are, and, of course, loose the beat."

"Why, Hugh, this is oyster soup."

"Oyster soup!" exclaimed the emigrant. "Here, hère, tak awa yer *iceter* soup; if I had kent it was iceters, I would nather have ta'en the brae nor the soup. I wudna gie a bowl o' craw soup, or the leg o' a mauken, for a' yer soups; I would syne ha'e the gout, eating sa'e mony rich dishes; ye live like fighting cocks. I'm saying, Uncle, whan ye lay in a stock o' these high feeds, ye should jist alang wa't, lay in twa three box o' pills and a gallon o' castor oil. I wonder what the folk in Carmunock would think, if they saw Hughie Morrison rubbing his hair over wa' oil, and walking through Baltimore wa' a cane in his hand, and his sark neck faulded o'er his shouthers like a pair o' blinders, wa' his trousers strapped, and a white coat on his back. My certy, they would say he was a Frenchman!"

His Uncle, after enjoying some amusement in his Nephew's opinions, told him he purposed sending him a few days into the country, where he would meet with kind friends and an hospitable home.

CHAPTER XI.

"With that he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade."—OLD PLAY.

Mr. Morrison gave his nephew instructions how to behave while absent, so that he might feel happy and sociable in the family. But a little incident occurred previous to his departure; and being of rather a novel nature, we deem it proper to give the reader a sketch of it. An old negro who lived in the vicinity of his uncle, kept an ass, with which he went about selling fruit, vegetables, &c. Our hero went up to him one day on the street, and told him he wished to hire his beast twa hours. The bargain was made, Hughie paying him 25 cents. As they were near the residence of Mr. Morrison, Hughie desired the Darkee to lead the ass towards the top of the street, so as to evade his uncle's windows. He was no horseman; but having led out the Miller's mare once or twice to the smithy, he concluded that if he could ride a horse, he certainly could ride a *cuddie*. Being mounted on the jackass, he purposed taking a ride in the opposite direction of his uncle's. He had not proceeded far, when the ass suddenly backed up, and turning round, galloped off at full speed, running every direction but the way he wanted it; and in attempting to pull him up, the halter broke, when no alternative was left but to stick on till some one should take hold and stop the ass. The boys on the street soon understood the predicament the rider was placed in, and finding it a rich field for sport, about fifteen or twenty of them joined the race, when their numbers increased as they went along, and instead of stopping the ass, they only made it the more wild and unmanageable—running from the one side of the street to the other, casting up its heels in the air, braying, and attempting to cast its rider, who held fast by the mane. The people collected in crowds and laughed heartily at this piece of equestrianism. Never did the walls of "Cooke's Circus," or

Astley's Amphitheatre reverberate with louder shouts of laughter, in the exhibition of Billy Button, or John Gilpin, than did Market Street, when Hughie Morrison rode through it on old Sambo's donkey, powerless and helpless as Mazeppa on the wild horse of the desert; till at last he bawled out,

"Catch the cuddie, catch the cuddie! I say will nobody grip the cuddie? Woa! woa! O ye auld limer ye, stan still; woa! I say, woa! Oh dear, sic a scrape I'm in ta! I say, ye scoun'rals, I'll smash yer noses inta chukie stanes; gee o'er yer casting glaur, and raming preens in the cuddie! Woa, ye auld jaude, ye!" The ass took a sudden turn, and running up against an old Dutchman's stand, overturned it in the street, breaking and strewing all around his confectionaries in the mud.—The ass bolted across the footpath and ran into an apothecary's store.—The man of medicine leaped over the bench, seized the ass by the head, and while endeavouring to thrust it out, the Dutchman darted in, and collared Hughie, who was quickly followed by the owner of the ass, who all the while had been enjoying the sport in the crowd. Hughie seized the Dutchman by the throat, and in a stern voice, descriptive of his feelings, exclaimed,

"Let go! ye auld Turk, ye; da ye mean ta thrapple a body; haud aff, yer tearing the verra sark aff my back; I say, ye auld yellow-skinned, horse-stealing, thief-cather looking busum ye! let go yer grip, or by my sang, I'll mak ye claw whar' yer no yuckie; open yer neive, staun roun; ye mean ta insult a chap; ye think I'm a greenhorn or a Jonny Raw; but I'll let ye ken I'm a ripe ane, or my name's no Hughie Morrison!"

"Oh, mass!" exclaimed the Darkee, "dis ere gem'an be ober from Jamany; him not speek same way ob us. Let go, massa Jamon, de nigga speek fo' you; him gib you two dollas; dis ass is de nigga's. My lah, massa, you hab got a ride on de ass; you haint been eber on de back ob an hanimal; me wus sca'd you'd cum down on de steet, an you'd loss the ass; so I runs arter yees; an you cum fuss in dis gem'an's; 'macy,' says I, and then I follo'd you rite smat."

The apothecary shut the door to keep the crowd outside; but the house was filled before he accomplished it. The Dutchman and Hughie, thro' the Darkee, set down the damages at two dollars, which he willingly paid to get out of the "*hable*." The nigger led off his ass; the old Dutchman and his wife gathered up the broken boards; and Hughie made the best of his way through the crowd, amidst hisses, cheers, and general uproar. He felt very bad over this public exposure of himself. On reaching home, he walked into the parlour: sitting down in a corner of the room, he took up a book, and began (at least pretended) to read.—His uncle came down stairs at this moment.

"Well, Hugh," said he, "I have just been getting a little trunk fixed for you to-morrow, when I intend you shall go out for a week or so to Mr. Macfarlane's, in the country. Why, Hughie, had you been here about half an hour ago, you would have seen what we call in Scotland 'some queer fun.' There was a fellow went past mounted on a jackass, followed by three or four hundred people. We just reached the piazza in time to see him turning the corner of the street; such a crying, laughing, and sport you never saw."

"Oh," says Mrs. Morrison, "he came up the street and probably would see it."

"O aye, I saw't at weel frae beginning ta end, and I'm thinking it was rather laughable after a'. I suppose ye dinna ken wha it was that rode the cuddie?"

"Oh," said his Uncle, "some simple fellow they got mounted on it for amusement."

"Yes, he was surely a simple fellow at weel. Did you no see him, uncle?"

"No; why, what makes you so inquisitive?"

"Oh nothing, ava, only I thought you maybe kent him. Weel, uncle, syn' I maun tell ye, it was nane ither than mysel that was on the cuddie, and that kicked up sic a din."

"What!" said his uncle, "you that rode the jackass? My stars, what a piece of foolishness! Why, what in the world tempted you to get up on it, and make so public an exposure of yourself? I would rather have paid a hundred dollars than such a thing to have occurred."

"Weel, Uncle, I'll tell ye the hale concern as it stauns. Taking a bit of a walk up the street, I fell in wa' that auld nigger that fetches you these what-ye-cas, they green turnip things, and I barganed wa' him for the lend o' his cuddie; I thought there was nathing wrang in me taking a bit of a ride on the beast into the country. When up, I got on the back o't, and I hadna gaen very far when he turned round, and me tryan ta pu' him back, the halter cam in twa, and aff he galloped. I coudna get aff, nor I coudna haud him in; it ran first ta the ane side o' the street, and then ta the ither, when the callans and wee niggers gathered round me, raming preens in the cuddie, making it cast up its hind legs the in air, and trying ta fling me o'er its head, when it ran up against an auld man's staun, brake it ta shivers, and gaed into a doctor's shop wa' me sitting on the back o't; and if I was ten miles frae Carmunock the night, I wudna be in Baltimore the morrow's morning; I'm skin'd fra' the thighs down ta the kits."

His Uncle now began to make the affair as ridiculous as possible, with the view of making his nephew more cautious for the future. "Why, Hugh, by the end of the week, the Baltimore newspapers will be filled with it; paragraph on paragraph will blazen it over the State of Maryland; papers from the other States will pick it up; and before the matter dies away, it will have gone over to Glasgow; the 'Herald,' 'Free Press,' and 'Courier' will have Hughie Morrison and the jackass in their columns; the minister, the dominie, and all the people in Carmunock, and Ruglen, will know it. The equestrians will placard it on their bills, and exhibit it in their circles; and the wandering actors will turn it into a farce in their booths. There ain't a niggerten miles round but will hear of it; and that old fellow will tell it at every door;—the affair is so ridiculous and simpleton-looking."

Hughie during this harangue sat with his eyes fixed upon the carpet, and appeared to be laboring under deep depression of mind. His uncle perceiving him taking it so bad, began to manœuvre the matter by turning it rather into a piece of fun, and said,

"Well, I don't think we need trouble ourselves much about it; something else will turn up to draw forth the public's attention; there was no dishonesty, no bad intentions in the affair; 'twas more of a comical nature than anything else."

Mrs. Morrison followed up her husband's latter opinion, and asked Hughie if he did not feel tired after his ride. Her nephew sat like a statue, without making any reply; a thunder cloud was passing over at the time, the gloom of which deepened his melancholy within. After a while his spirits lightened, as the cloud cleared off, and speaking of the public exposure, he consoled himself with the hopes of being in the country by to-morrow, when he would be less exposed to be played upon, and of being farther out of harm's way.

CHAPTER XII.

"Swift from this desert let me part,
And fly to meet a kindred heart;
Nor more may ought my steps divide
From that dear stream that flows to Clyde."—BURNS.

Next morning Mr. Morrison had his Nephew dressed up, and took him in a carriage to Mr. Macfarlane's, who resided nine miles from the city, on the Western Turnpike. Mr. Mac. was a Scotchman, from Fifeshire, and there always existed a friendship between the Morrisons and the Macfarlanes. His Uncle had concluded on sending his Nephew to their residence, till he became better acquainted with the customs and manners of the people. On arriving at the house, they were kindly received: all things seemed agreeable and pleasing to Hughie, and his Uncle returned home the same evening.

On the following day he went into the woods—amused himself looking at the squirrels leaping from the branches and the chitmonks gomboling thro' the falling leaves. He had not proceeded far, when, coming up to a rail fence, he rested his arms across it; and, on looking over, he beheld about twenty Negroes in a cornfield, who chanced first to spy him, and who put their hand to their hat, by way of honouring him. He stood as if fixed in a man-trap, when he turned round and made off as fast as his legs could carry him; the wood echoing with the brambles and sticks breaking under his feet—looking behind at every other step, to see if they were after him. On reaching the Patapsco River, near which stood his new residence, he sat down under the shade of a high rock, and began to meditate. The remembrance of home, and its fond associations, came up before his mind; the old thatched cot of Broomhill, and the honey-suckle bower where "in Eve's calm hour" he woo'd the Miller's daughter: the scenes of childhood and those early companions with whom he spent his junior years on the village green. Among such scenes, and in the company of his playmates, he had found more pleasure in one hour, than he felt since he came here. His Mother's parting words, "these auld banes," brought tears to his eyes; and while he gazed on the beautiful winding Patapsco as it glided through the valley, he remembered the Minister's last text, "By the streams of Babylon we sat and we wept," &c., impressions from which discourse were still fresh in his mind—while thus musing, a shadow passed over him, and there seemed something obstructing the rays of the sun—he started to his feet, when lo! the western heavens revealed the mystery. "A Norwaster!" he exclaimed; "a gust! a gust!" Picking up his hat, he ran for Mr. Macfarlane's. The thunder had already begun to hurl its terrific sound over the distant mountains, and the lightning gleamed thro' the advancing cloud. On running into the house he bawled out, "A gust! a gust!"

"Oh," said Mrs. Macfarlane, "it wou't come this direction. I have been watching the rising cloud: it has moved to the South of the valley: whenever these clouds move that direction, it seems to me, there must be some current which carries it off; when it passed the entrance to the valley, we expected to have had a fine thunder shower, and have longed for it these couple of days. Last night we were all-but certain of it, till the wind veered and carried it off in the direction of Baltimore. But I hope we will have rain soon; the atmosphere has become warm and oppressive."

"Do you like ta hear thunner, Mrs. Macfarlane?"

"Well, when I first came to this country I felt rather scared at first, when it thundered heavy; but knowing its beneficial influences on the atmosphere, and the necessity of such storms in the warm weather, I don't mind them much now. Do they affect you, Mr. Morrison?"

"I'm thinking they da; I have naither peace nor pleasure these three weeks atween ane thing and anither—niggers, gusts, and I dinna ken what. Oh, Mrs. Macfarlane, I rue, sair, sair the day I left Broomhill ta come to this country; and I'm no expectan ta live very happy or content in America."

"Oh, Mr. Morrison, you are home-sick; we are all the same way at first."

"My Uncle told me that ta; but I'll tell ye, if I had the offer made me, gang hame or bide still, I would jump at the 'gang home' like a cock at a grossat. Three long weeks I ha' spent in America, and an unco memorable three weeks in my lifetime; the only pleasure I tak is gaun down ta the auld ship and taking a bit walk on her decks—and she's gaun awa hame neist Monday; and ta tell ye the truth, Mrs. Macfarlane, I have had a trial o' tha' climate, and it will no' agree wa' me; its melted me down like snaw aff a hay-stack, and I just made up my mind the day, while I sat ba' the river side, that I will start for Baltimore the morns morning, wa my wee trunk on my shoulder, and plead wa' Uncle ta lend me as muckle as tak me hame again."

"Oh, such nonsense, Hugh; why the people would all laugh at you, and your Uncle would be offended with such a foolish, childish proposal."

"Weel, maybe he will, Mrs. Macfarlane; but its better ta have the folk laughing, and my Uncle angry, than me rin the risk o' my health, and life ta, among these black niggers. Losh, woman, down in the wood I saw, for ought I ken, forty o' them, and they stood wa' their big mouths and white teeth glowran at me, and if I hadna used my legs pretty weel, they might have had me meat for craws and wild beasts by this time. I'll tell ye, I'm determined to set out in the morning by the cock crawling, and try Uncle, come out o't what will."

Next morning Hughie got up at sunrise. Mr. Macfarlane and his wife had done all they could the night before, to persuade him off his project, but their reasoning had no effect; determined and resolved in mind, he "would make the attempt come oot o't what would." Seeing their persuasions and efforts to detain him fruitless, after breakfast Mr. Mac. got two horses saddled; one for Hughie, the other for a mulatto he purposed sending home with him; but Hughie objected to it at once, telling him he durstna gang on a beast's back for his verra life—having at the same time the company of the mulatto before his mind—and remarked—

"I'll just tak a bit stick in my hand, and the wee trunk on my shoulder, and toddle awa at my leisure; I'll find my way to Baltimore."

Being furnished with a piece of cord to strap his trunk, and a cane, they left him to the bent of his own determination; Mr. Mac going about a mile with him on the turnpike, when he parted with Hughie, and even then remonstrating with him on his foolishness. When Hughie had got within two miles of the city, a fellow came up and accosted him.

"Well, old fellow, you seem to have come a pretty smart way this morning; well, and what have you got to peddle?"

"Oh!" said Hughie, "I dinna peddal; I'm just gaun in the length o' the town on business."

"Well, I guess," said the stranger, "you would be none the worse of a fellow taking that ere trunk on his shoulder a mile or two for ye's; why you aint able to go much farther, that's a fact; see here, hand him over, I'll give you a pull up this way."

"I'm muckle obliged ta ye, frien', but its no heavy; sae I'll toddle awa; the morning's good, and the journey's short," upon which the disappointed shaver moved ahead; and whether it was Hughie's precaution, or the desire not to be troublesome, he, for once, escaped the loop of the Sharper.

On reaching his Uncle's, he felt diffident to ring the bell. Summing up all his fortitude, he pulled the bell rope. His Aunt opened the door.

"Here again, Auntie! here again!" he exclaimed; "but naething wrang this twist: nather figs nor cuddies in this affair."

"Well, Hugh, what's the matter? you aint sick, I hope."

"Sick? No; I'm as hale and hearty as a Bantam cock."

He gave them no satisfaction till after dinner, when he requested an interview with his uncle and aunt in the sitting room. Being seated, Hughie screwed up again his fortitude, and began,

"Uncle, I ha'e twa words or three to lay before you and auntie. Muckle care, trouble and expense you've been at on my account, and yer kindness ta me I'll ne'er forget; it was your liberal heartedness that enabled me ta come o'er here; and naething but an honest desire o' daing weel made me seek your kind assistance. And now I ha'e had a trial o' the kintra, and I'm come to the conclusion to venture ta seek the len o' as muckle as will send me hame wa' the ship again. Man, I'm in real sincere earnest, as shure as this finger's bigger than this ane. I'm in misery every hour o' the day; that affair o' the cuddie put the nail into the head; its a' by wa' me noo, and my peace o' mind, forby my character, is gone. And if ye'll lay oot as much as send me baek wa' the ship, I'll work hard at my loom, and pay you every bawbee o't. I really think shame ta speak o't, but if it will not put you sair aboot by doing so, you'll mak Hughie Morrison a happy man."

"Well, Hugh!" said his uncle, "it is certainly a foolish notion which has entered your mind; after encountering the dangers of the ocean, and finding here on your arrival, a home, friends, money, and everything necessary to make you happy, comfortable, and contented: thousands have landed on our American shores who would gladly, thankfully, and contentedly have accepted the same. But, if you are determined on going home, I will, Oh certainly, send you home again with the Jeanie Dougall."

"Now, Hugh," said his aunt, "reconsider the matter, and try, do try, and make yourself contented, and dismiss the idea of running away home, as if no one here would see to you; the people at home will turn it into ridicule."

"Ridicule!" exclaimed his uncle; "why that old weaver, the poet, will have a song composed over it, and the streets of Carmunock, Ruglen, and the Shire of Lanark will be sounding with the ballad of 'Hughie Morrison's back again!'"

Hughie simply remarked, "It's a' verra true, every word o't, and I dinna pretend ta be capable ta argue wa' you. I am weel aware o' yer kindness ta me, and since ye ha'e been sae muckle mair sympatheesing, my best way, uncle, is ta gang back again."

"Well," said Mr. Morrison, "I guess the best way is to settle the matter right off. When does the ship sail?"

"Monday, first," answered Hughie.

"Well, we have no time to lose," said his uncle.

That day Mr. Morrison secured a cabin passage in the "Jeanie Dougall," and got things in way of preparation to send him home. A happier man there was not in the State of Maryland that day, than Hughie Morrison. His feelings became enlivened, and there seemed a light of joy to emanate from his countenance. The very idea transported him across to Broomhill; and he found not words to extol his uncle's liberality.

"Man, Uncle, your a kind-hearted soul; yer a Morrison ta the back bane. My auld mither's best blessing will rest on the head o' you, auntie, and they wee Morrisons; Broomhill rafters will hear mony a benediction upon you for sending me hame. I tell you, uncle, the parable o' the 'Prodigal Son' will be read that night I gang hame. There will be something extra on the table; the auld tapped hen and the *Bubley Jock will get their necks stretched; and the big bottle will be thinking its Nairdy.

*Turkey.

There's no a weaver in Carmunock will pitch a shuttle or work a dresan that day Hughie Morrison enters the Parish; the landing o' the French will no be a flae bite ta it. The Dominie will be singing Duncan Davidson and the 'Sherra Moor' when he gets his whistle wat and his reed greased. Man, uncle, they will a' be speeran if I saw ony whales, or sharks, or big fish in the sea whan I crossed it—if Baltimore is a big town—and if there's ony jails or kirks in it. Then the'll be speeran if I saw ony monkies or kangaroos, lions, or wild beasts in America, and what kind o' looking buddies the niggers are."

This pleased his uncle well, and he laughed heartily, while his nephew described his reception at home.

Monday came, and it was the happiest morning Hughie spent in America. His uncle, aunt, and cousins went down with him to the ship, where they remained till the anchor was weighed and the pilot on board. Hughie kissed all his little friends, and thanked his uncle and aunt a thousand times over. Mr. Morrison handed him a cheque for ten pounds in Glasgow when he landed, over paying his passage and all other out-fittings. The ship began to move, the sails were unreefed, and our emigrant took his farewell over the rail. The last words we heard of it were—

"Fareweel! and I'm thinking ye'll no see me here these twa weeks ta come, or my name's no HUGHIE MORRISON!"

END.

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